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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLI No. 1978 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC DECEMBER 18 1937

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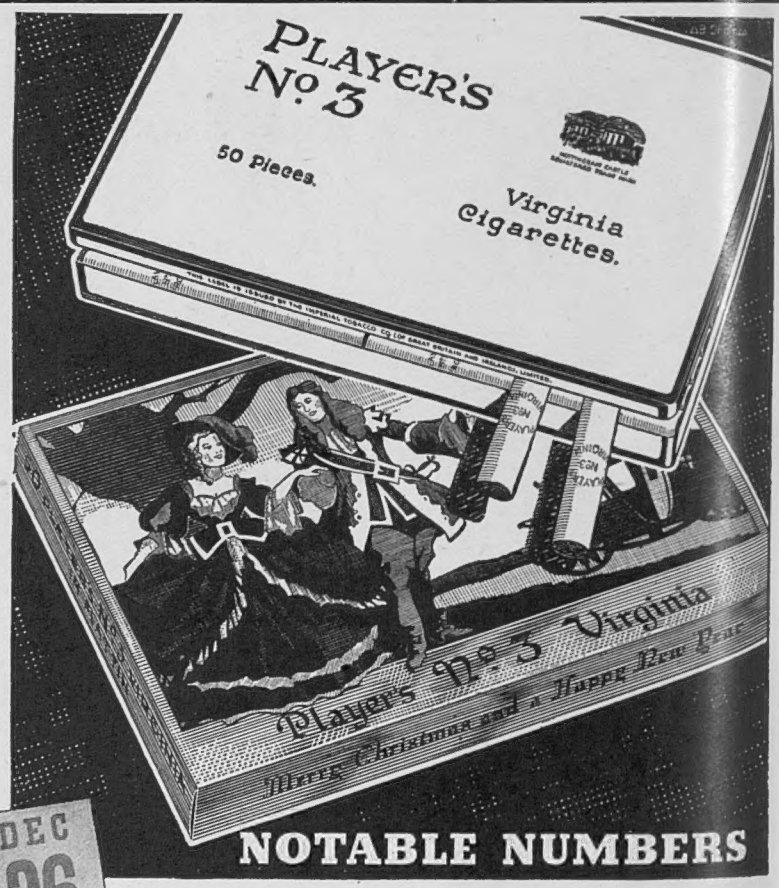

DEC 26 DEC 25 DEC 24

NOTABLE NUMBERS

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S.P.44B

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, December 18, 1937

The Scarlet Sun Over China

The Japanese Flag Flies Triumphantly Above a Captured Building on the Southern Front

Just over five months have elapsed since that incident on the Marco Polo Bridge at Liukouchiao which precipitated the Sino-Japanese conflict, and in this short time China's three key cities—Peiping, Shanghai, and Nanking—have fallen to the invader, innumerable lives have been lost on fields of battle reminiscent in their horror of Passchendaele and the Somme, vast numbers of soldiers and civilians have been permanently maimed, and in Shanghai alone a million people have been driven from their homes, the majority of them destitute of hope and relying for food and shelter upon world charity. Here indeed tragedy has reached its nadir. The past week, which has seen the capture of Nanking, China's capital, has been the most momentous since the struggle began, and the Japanese attacks on British and American gunboats in the Yangtse have rendered a delicate international situation even more delicate. These outrages are perhaps a trifle less menacing in import when it is realised that Tokyo is as aghast as London and Washington at what has happened, and they are best explained by the fact that the Japanese Government finds it far from easy to control triumphant leaders in the field who would appear to have the bit between their teeth. Britain and America at once took a firm stand, and it was with relief that it became known that Japan took full responsibility

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

VISITING ROYALTY: *Above*—King Christian of Denmark, who came to London last week for a short stay, pictured arriving back at his hotel on Sunday after attending divine service in the private chapel at Marlborough House. *Right*—Queen Elizabeth, mother of the King of the Belgians, seen outside the Belgian Embassy on reaching London from Welbeck Abbey where she had been staying with King Leopold as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Portland. The visit gave rise to a number of rumours relating to a possible royal betrothal, but these were immediately denied in very definite terms. See the note by "The Old Stager"

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4.
Wednesday, December 15, 1937.

WHO WOULD BE A KING?

—Good Kings are rare. England and Belgium are, and have been for two or more generations, peculiarly blessed by Fortune. We might ask ourselves sometimes if we show adequate gratitude for our good fortune. Our affection for our Royal House is great; it is so, I believe, in Belgium also. But with that affection often goes a curiosity, a vulgar inquisitiveness, that over-rides decency and takes away with the left hand what we offer with the right. Who would choose to be a King or Prince to-day? To be the object of mass worship is a fine, though perhaps a terrifying, fate. To be at the same time the object of a searching, heartless, insatiable, ruthless inquisitiveness and prying into one's private affairs and private motives, is a fate from which every normal man must shrink. The King of the Belgians was the object of such ruthless, heartless curiosity within a few months of his bitter tragedy. The advisers of Kings and Princes are quite alive to the evils as to the benefits of mass-worship. Their policy is to supply healthy and reasonable publicity concerning the public and even private activities of their Royal Masters. This age of Democracy appears to demand it and they may be right to supply carefully-considered information. In my own view they already concede too much. But never have they and never will they pander to mere vulgar inquisitiveness into the intimate lives and private intentions of the Royalties they serve. They are aware how intense that vulgar inquisitiveness is, but they do what they can to guard against it and to present an umbrella to the rain of curiosity. Or they usually do so. But those who serve the King of the Belgians were caught napping or took too charitable a view of the decency of Britain. The Royal visit to Welbeck was most unfortunately managed. Nothing could have been more likely to arouse curiosity than that visit, unadvertised in advance (following so soon after the King's official and other private visits to England) with the arrival late at night. The Belgian Royal family have since and before the war been on very friendly terms with the Duke and Duchess of Portland. The children of King Albert passed some of the war months at Welbeck. A change of scene for the Queen-mother was very much desired by those round her. What more suitable than a visit to old friends in England? If the Royal visit had been announced in advance as a visit of friendship, an ordinary "week-end" visit, much silly speculation and vulgar intrusion had been spared to all concerned. It was a mistake and an unfortunate one. No one to-day should be caught napping as to the precise implications of *Royauté oblige*. Democracy, it is true, does not dissemble its love of Royalty but it none the less kicks its gods downstairs.

PRESS INTRUSION.

— This was a burning subject last week in a majority of decent homes. One day this question of "Press Intrusion" will be violently taken up and perhaps (and perhaps sooner than we think) a gross example (can there be a grosser?) will swiftly and forcibly turn the tide of reaction to decency and privacy. Meanwhile let us examine it impartially. The whole blame does not lie on the sensational Press. The discovery of the commercial possibilities of a "human story" is not new. It is as old as Defoe and journalism. The methods of securing it grow ever more searching and competitive, but the utter ruthlessness, and heartlessness, and lack of decency which appear to accompany many of these efforts deserve qualification. First: All sections of the public bear a share of the blame. We are a nation of snobs, in the sense that the "romance of a title" still moves the average reader of news. A "human story" in the Royal house is better value in romance than one in a noble house and one in a noble house better than one in a middle-class home. But bear in mind that scions and heads of "noble" families—whom the general public cannot distinguish from the smaller surviving proportion of the aristocracy which retains the best features and the outlook of true aristocracy — have not only encouraged this form of publicity in a score of ways but relish it and indeed fight for their share of it. More than that, several "noblemen" journalists are active agents in creating it week by week. Nay more; in the past the very advisers round the throne sought out the Press and invited discreet publicity concerning the private lives and doings of the Royal family. There was a juncture in the not distant past when such publicity was considered to be in the best interests of the Monarchy and the country. Second: The heartlessness and ruthlessness of the whole system of

NOT FORGOTTEN: Many ex-Service men, including "Old Contemptibles," took part last week in a welcome at Ipswich to two British war horses on arrival from Belgium on their way to an Essex farm. The horses were bought with farthings collected all the country by members of a cinema children's During the war they carried members of the Horse Guards, but when purchased in Belgium weeks ago they were employed in drawing a

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A CASE IN POINT.—Small won
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young reporters will distinguish betwe
what is reasonable and what is indec
Let me give an example. I was invo
during my last holidays obliquely in
particularly indecent intrusion into
vate affairs. I was in the Highlan
One night no fewer than five calls

put through from London by five journals. I was out of reach in the wilds and escaped. A friend dealt with one such call on my behalf. He knew the facts and appreciated the gross indecency of the inquisition. He said to the reporter, "Why don't you break stones? Why not, before it is too late, earn your living decently instead of playing muck-raker to a scavenger?" The man was obviously puzzled. "But surely (he said) he (that is, I) would wish to help the public to the *truth* of this very human story." That I believe to be the attitude of many of these reporters. We cannot expect, while there remain powerful newspapers which do not treat journalism as a higher profession, a trust and a mission, and while so many educated men and women in the upper class invite and enjoy intrusion and publicity of the vulgarest kind, that a high standard of taste and decency will obtain universally in the business of news collection. British journalism, despite its handicaps and blacklegs, maintains the fine standards of a higher profession.

BISHOP GORE MEMORIAL LECTURE.

—The Charles Gore Memorial Lecture was delivered last Thursday evening in Westminster Abbey by Dr. A. D. Lindsay, Master of Balliol. It was a good choice, for Dr. Gore was one of Balliol's greatest alumni and Dr. Lindsay shared, at any rate politically, many of Dr. Gore's convictions. There are not many great men thrown out in a generation, those acknowledged to be such most often grow in public estimation after their deaths. It has not been so with Bishop Gore. In his life time he received extraordinary recognition due to his great gifts. Few great men have hitherto occupied so small a space in the public's memory after their deaths. It is due no doubt to a variety of causes. No united effort was made to raise a worthy memorial to his work and influence in the church. The fund opened for a series of Westminster Abbey Memorial Lectures on religious themes to which the Bishop devoted his great gifts, was half heartedly organised and clashed with another invitation for subscription to a memorial elsewhere. It closed when money had been collected sufficient only for a single lecture annually; and since that limitation nullified the whole purpose of the scheme, it had been wiser to return the subscriptions, and to cancel the plan. It may be, it will be, that, when the madness of these days passes and men have leisure to readjust their values, a more worthy memorial will come from a more concerted effort.

FREDERICK GORE'S PROMISE.

—The force of heredity comes out strong in evidence at the Redfern Gallery in Cork Street, where the paintings of Frederick Gore have been showing. He is very young and is the only son of the late Spencer Gore, Bishop Gore's nephew, whose place among painters of our day and of the London group is assured. The son's methods, notably of piling on his paints, are very different from his father's; even an ignoramus can see that. But some similarity in the technique and in the results is obvious and interesting. The son's exhibition has attracted a number of experts and amateurs of modern painting and he has sold quite a few pictures both to private buyers and to galleries. I heard a good deal concerning his promise. Particularly interesting are his "Teasdale" (5), "Worbarrow Bay" (20), and "Autumn Landscape, Camer" (19), the last of which I had the pleasure of buying (as agent for another).

A CHANGE IN AMERICA.

—An American friend recently returned to the States from a long holiday in England writes to me that he has found a great change in that country as a whole since last summer. People (he says) are waking up to the fact that one cannot raise the Federal Debt (not to speak of the debts of States, counties, and cities) from 15 to 37 billions of dollars without the risk of a little bill to pay. Mr. Roosevelt's expressed policy was to "make the rich pay"; "the rich men who sit in easy chairs in club windows", and the rich Corporations were to pay the whole expense of his schemes. So, years ago, Mr. Lloyd George convinced Britain that he was going to make Germany pay the whole expense of the war including pensions. Germany did not cash up as anticipated. In America, as in England, the common man has been left to pay the bill. Most of those rich Corporations are owned in America, through their stock, by people of very moderate means. In England, as in America, the club windows still afford to fat, rich, smiling men a stimulating view of poor Mr. Babbett and John Citizen staggering to work under a load of trouble. But my correspondent believes that the outlook is better because Congress has begun to realise its errors. Surely he might add Mr. Roosevelt also. Mr. Roosevelt and Congress have learned a good deal (perhaps a new deal) since last summer, both of conditions in and outside America. Unfortunately little bills remain to be paid, internally and externally. Both the *New York Times* and Mr. Walter Lippman, both supporters of Roosevelt's last election, appear to endorse my correspondent's views.

TO REVITALISE CRICKET.

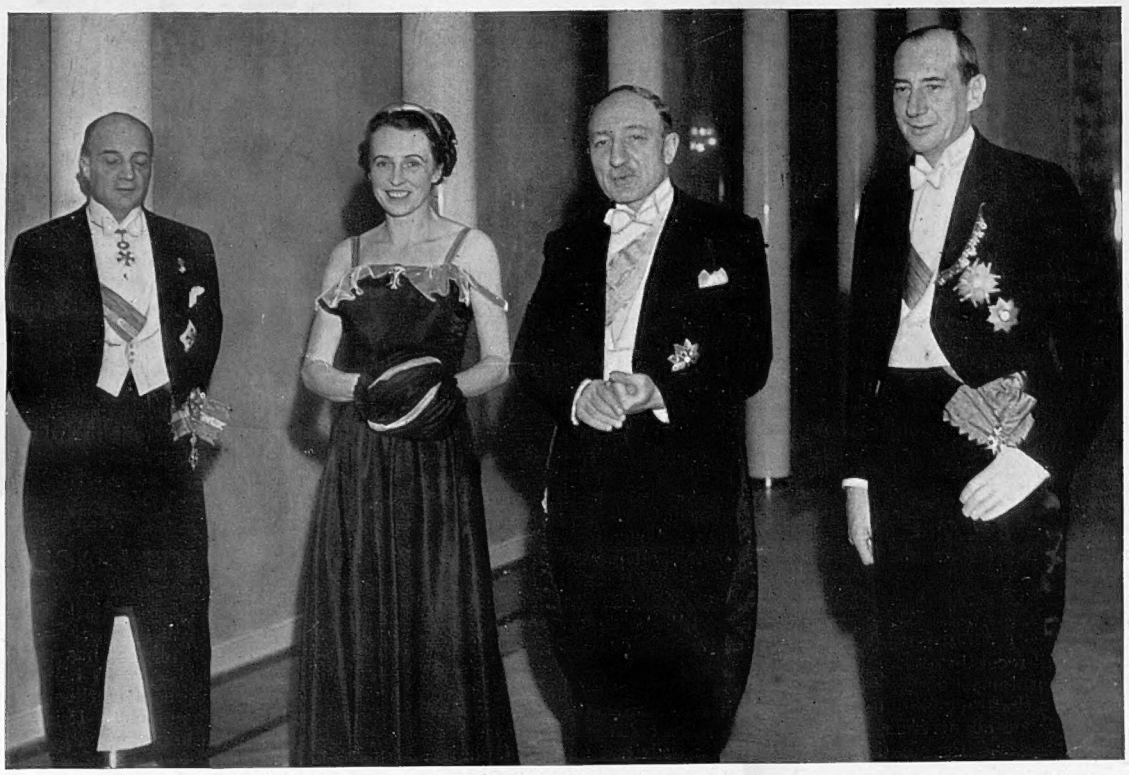
—The Cricket Commission last week issued its report. The members were Mr. Findlay, late Secretary M.C.C., Mr. R. N. C. Palairet, and Mr. R. H. Mallett, who is an octogenarian, and formerly Australian member of the Imperial Board of Control. They have been at work very quietly and have now cast a bombshell. They make a large number of proposals and suggestions, some "revolutionary", many sensible. First, all money in hand and to come from Test matches shall roll up intact to £20,000 as a "County Cricket Fund," thereupon to be used to aid distressed or unlucky counties which have got into trouble. That appears to mean that no help will come to necessitous counties (if the proposal be adopted) for last season's deficit or next season's deficit. Second (and important), reduction of counties from seventeen to fifteen. This will enable each competitor to play the others twice and do away with the percentage nuisance. Points to be—twelve for a win and no points to a side losing on the first innings. Four points for a first innings lead although the match be lost; four points for a first innings lead, if match drawn. The idea is to force both sides to go for a finish. Then, a cricketers' register is recommended. I do not like the sound of it but no doubt it is for the best, and an aid to easier "transfer" of players. Again, I don't like the sound of it. Finally, some suggestions for captains. No more starch front wickets but a nice compromise between safety to limb and a reasonable hope for bowlers. Discourage "negative" bowling and encourage forceful batting. Enforce quicker replacement of a dismissed batsman. Unfortunately the first two of these "suggestions" which are of great importance are incapable of standardisation, certain to be variously interpreted, and might appeal to some captains only. As "hints" or "entreaties" by M.C.C. they are of no practical value. They need a yardstick and sanctions. There are captains and captains. No doubt the proposals are radical and will evoke sharp criticism. County cricket is a conservative institution, but it is also a declining business. Statistics and ca'canny have diluted its spirit. *I* should plump for trying out the whole new bag of tricks and stiffening up the looser shafts. I want county cricket to last my time.

ITALY AND THE LEAGUE.

—Its most ardent supporter does not to-day deny that the League is laid up in lavender—so far as its major function is concerned. Politically it has done good things in its chequered history, and in the amelioration of world-social conditions it has done much. It is the only alternative (and no new patent) to the bad old balance of power, once more raising its horrid head which is scarred with the wounds of battles long ago. But nothing that happened last week gave the League its knock-out. Mussolini's declaration made no alteration in the *status quo*. For five years Italy has been more dangerous to the health of the League, inside, than she can be outside. As a member of the League, she has been either inactive, openly hostile, or a walking advertisement of those principles which the League was created to destroy. It is no question of a "lost leader." The spirit of the League may yet burn clearly one day, and meant while: "Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre." The wolf is better outside than inside the fold.

THE OLD STAGER

BUSY DAYS IN OXFORD STREET: Mother carries the parcels while her small son grips tightly the teddy bear they have just acquired at one of the big stores. Shopping activity has now reached its height and money is flowing as freely as ever this Christmas, thus helping to confound the prophets who have been forecasting a trade slump



M. YVON DELBOS IN POLAND: The French Minister for Foreign Affairs (second from right) standing between Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, and Madame Beck at one of the receptions given on the occasion of his four-day visit to Warsaw. During his stay many aspects of Franco-Polish relations were discussed, and the importance of the alliance made in 1921 between the two countries was once again stressed. M. Delbos afterwards continued his European tour, and in Belgrade on December 12 received a popular welcome from the crowds

MR. ATTLEE IN SPAIN: The Leader of the Labour Opposition (left) giving the clenched fist salute at a Popular Front demonstration in Madrid during his recent much discussed visit to Government-held cities in the peninsula. On Monday last Mr. Attlee made a personal statement in the House of Commons in reply to Conservative critics who had brought forward a motion of censure on the score of certain opinions he had expressed while abroad

ITALY LEAVES THE LEAGUE: An impression of the huge crowd that gathered before the Palazzo Venezia, Rome, on Saturday of last week and heard Signor Starace, Secretary of the Fascist Party, make the expected announcement of the country's decision to take no further part in deliberations at Geneva. Afterwards Mussolini appeared on the balcony, delivering an elaborative speech, beginning with the words: "The historical decision which the Grand Council has acclaimed and which you have received with your most enthusiastic shouts could not be longer postponed"

SHE HAS A TALE TO TELL: Madam Maud Gonne MacBride, staunch Irish Republican and British Army colonel's daughter, whose husband was executed for his part in the Easter week rising of 1916, who has been arrested a score of times, and who is still in good health at seventy-two years of age, has been putting the finishing touches to her life story which is shortly to be published. For some fifty years this remarkable woman has vigorously campaigned to further the Republican ideal

Ireland's new Constitution has been the subject of much discussion in this country and it is quite clear that here its purpose has been partially misunderstood. The following article is written from a Dublin viewpoint and should be read with that in mind. What the writer has to say clearly helps to clarify the issue but many will continue to be puzzled by Mr. de Valera's institution of the office of President which, in its dictionary definition, denotes "chief magistrate of a Republic." It would seem that for the time being the Irish executives prefer a mixed status, regarding the Free State as a Republic from the point of view of internal affairs and as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations as regards external considerations.

THERE is a widespread but mistaken belief that Mr. de Valera's new Constitution is a revolutionary development designed to consolidate his personal power as a dictator, and to sweep away the last remnants of connection with the British Empire. But in fact the new Constitution involves a deliberate sacrifice of much of his present authority, and it expressly recognises and confirms the connection with the British Commonwealth.

The Constitution, embodying his own political ideas, is very largely Mr. de Valera's personal handiwork. Those who have observed his career will find in it the characteristic result of his determined pursuit of fixed ideas and of his restless impatience with any situation which does not conform to logical pattern.

With his pedantic training Mr. de Valera could scarcely have resisted the temptation to devise an ideal constitution. Actually a new constitution had become inevitable. The original constitution, framed in haste, and under stress of intense political disturbance, had been amended time after time even during Mr. Cosgrave's ten years of office. The subsequent amendments had left such a patchwork that a fresh start was absolutely necessary.

Mr. de Valera had swept aside many constitutional obstacles in his methodical progress from dominion status towards a wider national independence. But he is now replacing several of those institutions which in their old form had stood in his way. As things stand, his authority is virtually unchallengeable. He had finally abolished the Governor-General, after first exercising his right to nominate a person who had agreed to be a mere rubber-stamp. He had abolished the Senate, after it had become simply a replica of party politics in the Dail.

But the new Constitution creates a President whose functions will be virtually those of the former Viceroys, who will be elected by direct vote of the people, and will in certain emergencies have power to choose the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister will be nominated by the President and will be subject to the obligation in certain

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IRELAND'S NEW CONSTITUTION

An Outline of its Purpose Written from the Dublin Point of View

eventualities of consulting the Council of State, which is a new body roughly similar to the Privy Council.

And the new Senate, instead of being elected on a discredited party basis, will be truly representative of all the principal economic, social, and professional interests in the country. The Senate, which in its new form must be a real brake on the Prime Minister's power, is the result of long debates in recent months during which Mr. de Valera has imposed his own ideas with extraordinary ingenuity and success.

Why, indeed, has he introduced these various restrictions on his own unfettered authority in recent years? Experience and advancing years have undoubtedly lessened his personal ambitions. But he is also an artist in politics who cannot resist the opportunity to frame what he regards as the proper machinery for the democratic government of his country.

Incidentally he has shown that he no longer believes in the complete separation of Ireland from the British Commonwealth of Nations. He insists as strongly as ever on keeping all internal Irish affairs—legislation, taxes, economic development, and the administration of justice—entirely in Irish hands. But for external relations the new Constitution expressly provides that the King shall be the recognised authority in ratifying treaties and such matters. On the other hand it deliberately strikes out all reference to the King in internal affairs.

This aspect of the Constitution has naturally aroused keen suspicion in England. It was fiercely attacked by Mr. de Valera's opponents who held that he was wantonly insulting British opinion, by claiming to choose what functions the King might exercise and what Ireland's relations should be with the other Dominions. But his reply is, as usual, logical and even tempered. People in other countries, he explains, may not resent—they may even enjoy—the legal fiction under which the King is supposed to have power to interfere or to make decisions when in practice he has no such power. In a written constitution such ambiguities cannot be tolerated. To Mr. de Valera's meticulous mind, even more than to his patriotic sense as a nationalist, they have been a source of constant irritation.

Yet with all its precision Mr. de Valera's mentality is too subtle and too restless ever to achieve or even to contemplate a "final settlement". He is too adroit a politician ever to tie his own hands for the future. And in fact the circumstances of Irish politics make any such permanent solution unobtainable for years to come.

No Irish Nationalist can ever assent in theory to the permanent partition of Ireland.

Accordingly the new Constitution has been cast on a scale which can provide without any further amendment for the immediate restoration of Irish unity at any time. The Constitution applies in theory to the whole of Ireland, while it provides for the temporary exclusion of East Ulster. It gives no formal recognition either to Northern Ireland as an independent entity or to the still more recent creation of the Irish Free State. It embraces the whole of Ireland under its historic name of Eire (pronounced Ay-reh) although this gesture can in itself make no practical contribution towards solving the problem of Hibernia Irridenta.

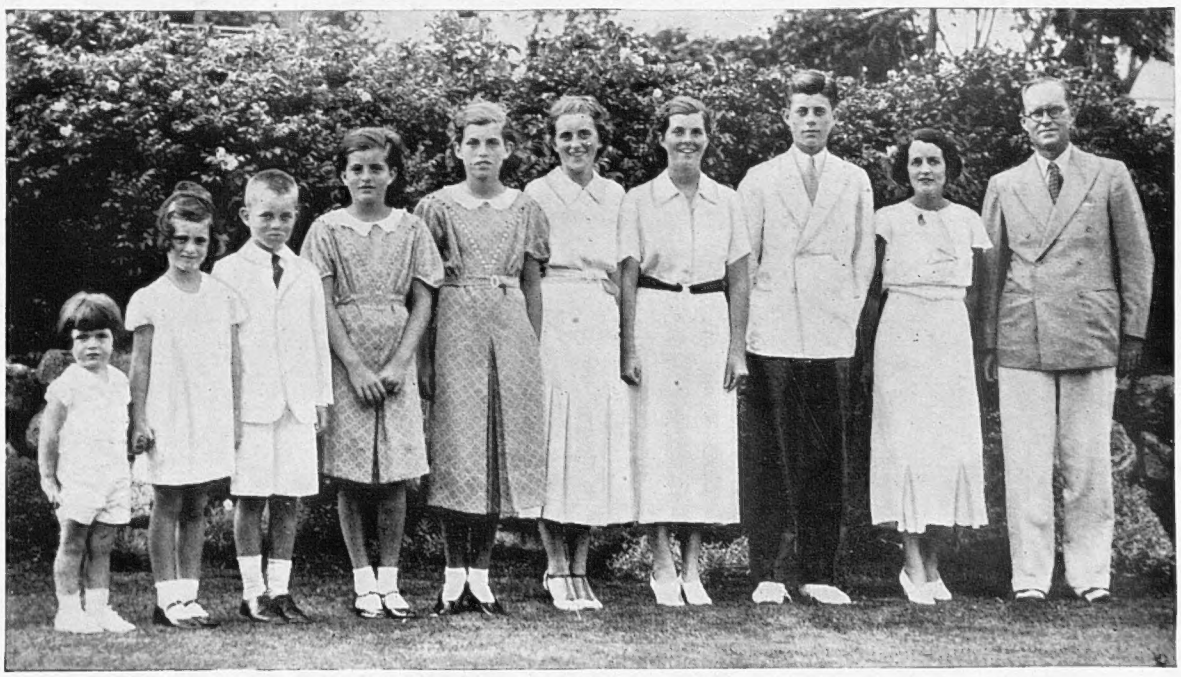
D. G.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION the Irish Free State Minister Telegraphs is issuing this special stamp, which is being design of R. J. King, a well-known Dublin artist. Eire is young woman and is shown seated with her right hand harp—the symbol of Gaelic culture. It will be noted arms (the familiar raised hand on a cross background) ncluded with those of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught

POLISH BALLET PLAYERS IN LONDON: Members of the company, who are making their first tour of Western Europe seen on arrival at Victoria Station prior to their London début at Covent Garden on Thursday of this week. Holding the large bouquet is Mme. Broneslava Nijinska, who acts as artistic director and is known abroad as a brilliant choreographer

BRITAIN'S AMBASSADOR IN TOKYO: Sir Robert Craigie, who this week received a personal call from Japan's Foreign Minister, Mr. Hirota, in order to express deep regret on behalf of the Japanese Government for the incident involving the British gunboat *Ladybird*. Sir Robert is pictured here with Lady Craigie as they set out to attend a recent function at the Imperial Palace

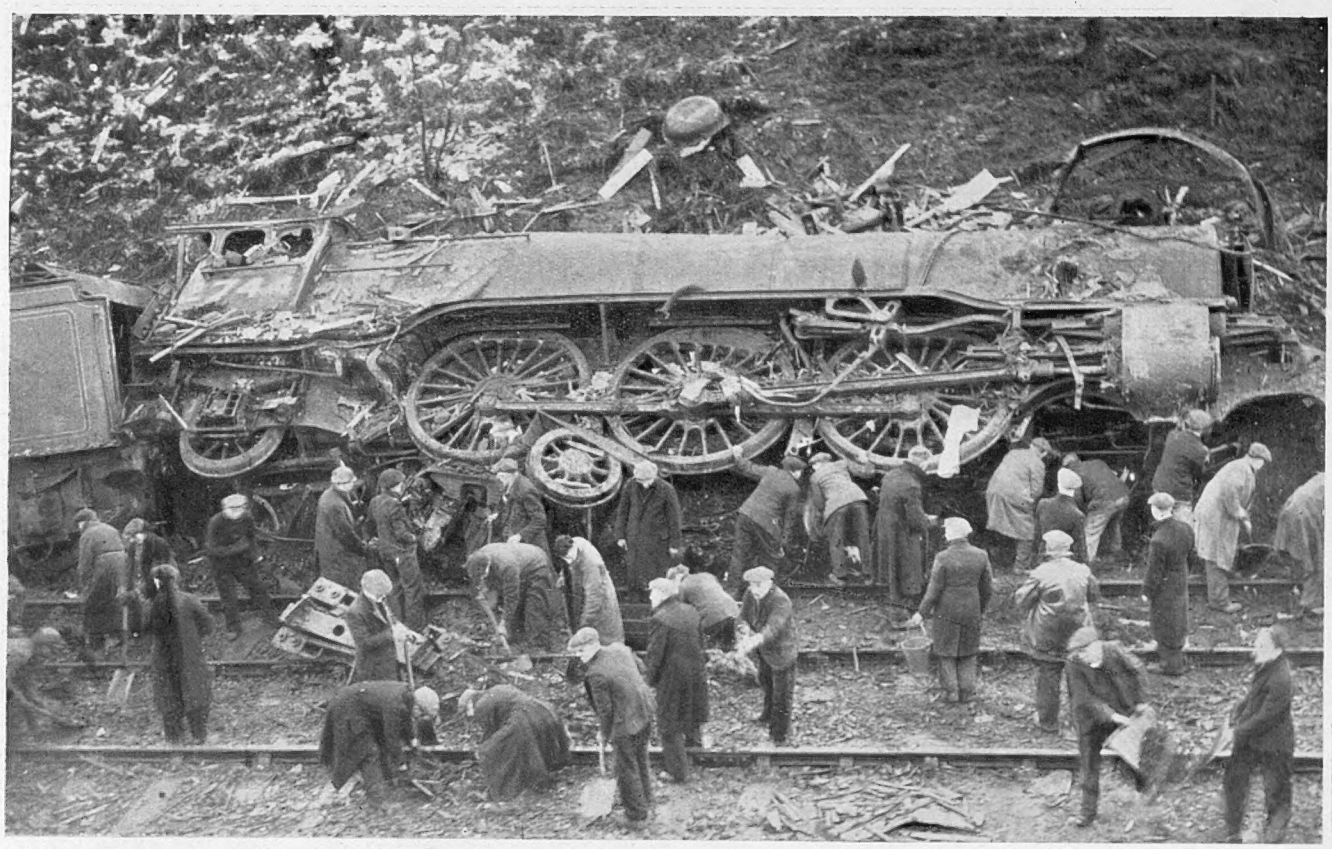
DEFYING THE JAPANESE WARNING that any ships moving on the Yangtse river would be fired upon, Rear-Admiral Holt (above) at the week-end ordered the British gunboat *Bee* to sail from Wuhu to help survivors of the four U.S. ships bombed and sunk by Japanese planes near Nanking. Rear-Admiral Holt at the same time demanded that Japanese officers should accompany him as a guarantee



WHILE THE WHITE HOUSE REMAINED SILENT it was rumoured in the American press last week that Mr. Joseph Patrick Kennedy, who is pictured here with his wife and eight of his nine children, was going to succeed Mr. Robert Worth Bingham as American Ambassador in London. Mr. Kennedy, who is at present head of the Maritime Commission, has enjoyed Mr. Roosevelt's confidence for some five years past and his influence in economic affairs is pronounced

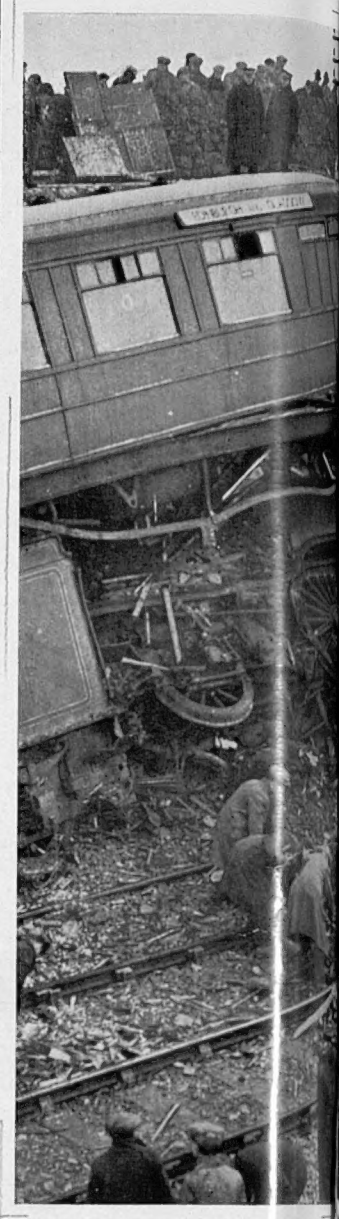
The SCOTTISH

Thirty-five Killed in the Ca
Britain For Over Twen



THE ENGINE OF THE EDINBURGH-GLASGOW EXPRESS lying on its side after it had dashed into the rear of the stationary Dundee-Glasgow train. Much debris had been cleared away when this picture was taken

THE POINT OF IMPACT: This graphic picture taken in the cutting at Castlecary an hour or two after the disaster, shows how coaches of the Edinburgh—Glasgow express mounted the pile of debris created by their engine when it dashed into the rear of the Dundee train. The escape of the driver and fireman in these circumstances was miraculous. *On right*—THE MORNING AFTER: Looking down the embankment on to one of the coaches of the Edinburgh-Glasgow express; the station shows on the right



SADDLED WITH ITS OWN COACHE Edinburgh-Glasgow express mount train. The latter's rear coac was greatest. The disaster, whic troop-train collision in 1915, w workers, police, and volunteers h

NANKING: CHINA'S CAPITAL FALLS

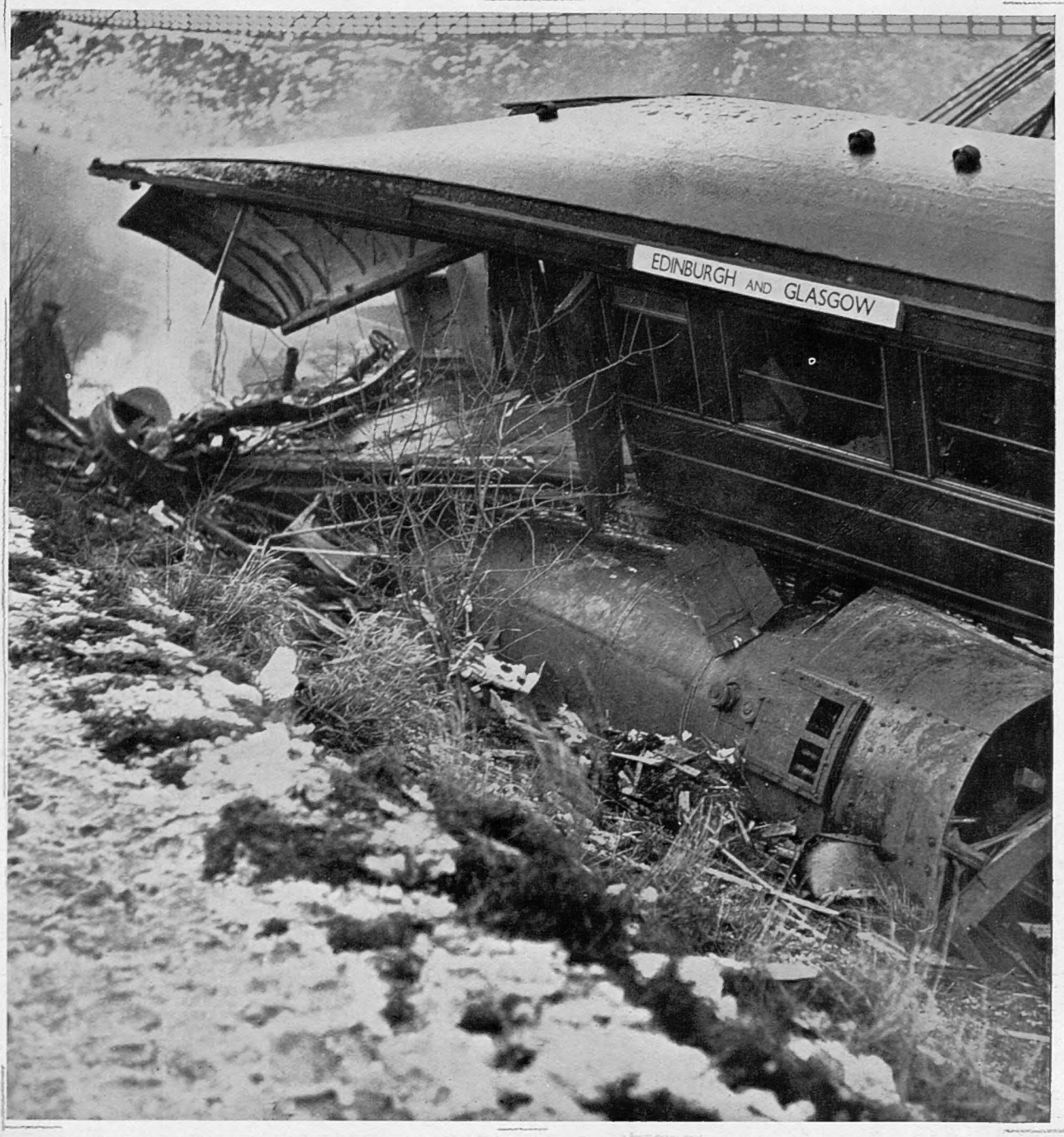
And British and American Ships are Attacked on the Yangtze River

NANKING UNDER SNOW: The old drum tower on the outskirts of the Chinese capital which has been the objective of Japan's latest attack, and which on Monday of last week after a desperate but unavailing resistance on the part of the Chinese fell into the invader's hands. The Japanese Foreign Minister is said to have stated that Japan would bring her invasion to an end with the fall of Nanking, but would remain in occupation of captured territory until a settlement was reached

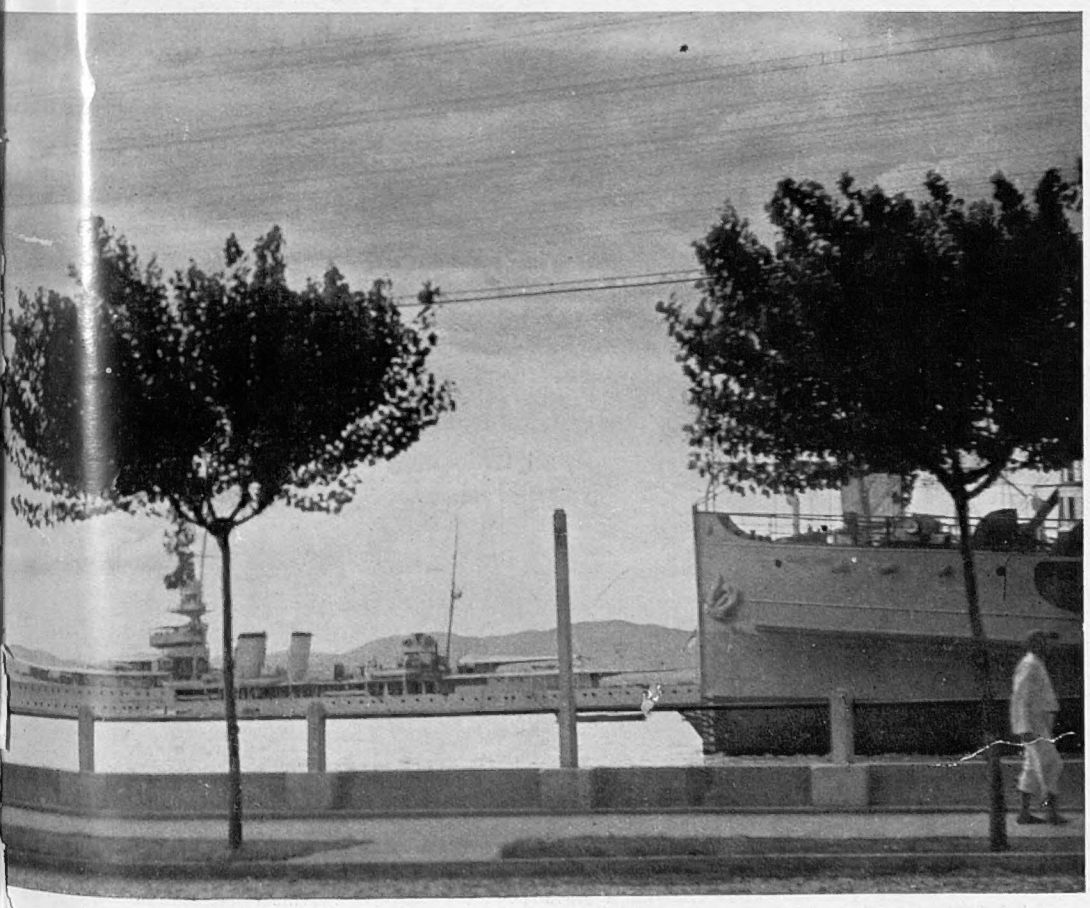
THE YANGTSE AT NANKING: A warship at anchor in the river which points upstream was the scene a few days ago of Japanese attack American vessels. It was reported that H.M. Gunboat *Ladybird* and t were fired on by machine guns and field guns from the shore, the form shells, one man being killed and another seriously injured. H.M. G

RAIL SMASH

ecary Disaster, the Worst in Years: Tragedy in a Snowstorm



wo more pictures evidencing the way in which carriages of the
heir engine second or two after it had collided with the Dundee
ere smashed to match-wood, and there, it seems, the loss of life
he most serious that has taken place in Britain since the Gretna
24 were killed, claimed the lives of thirty-five people. Railway
he Castlecary district laboured throughout the night, smashing through the tangled masses of débris in desperate efforts to extricate bodies still imprisoned in the wreckage. In addition to the handicap of the intense darkness, they had to work in a heavy snowfall, and were exposed to the full blast of a biting cold wind that whistled through the cutting in which the wreckage lay. David Anderson, the driver of the Edinburgh express, stated in an interview: "We were going through dead on time. At Castlecary I seemed to be driving into a solid wall of snow. My vision was blinded. I saw the light of a stationary train. My hand flashed to the brake in an effort to stop my engine, but there was no chance"



ee different
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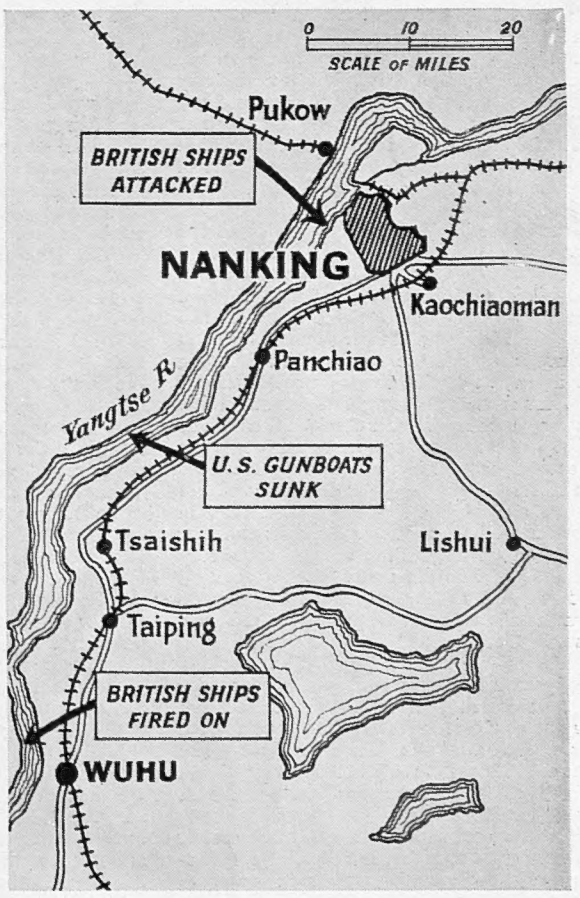
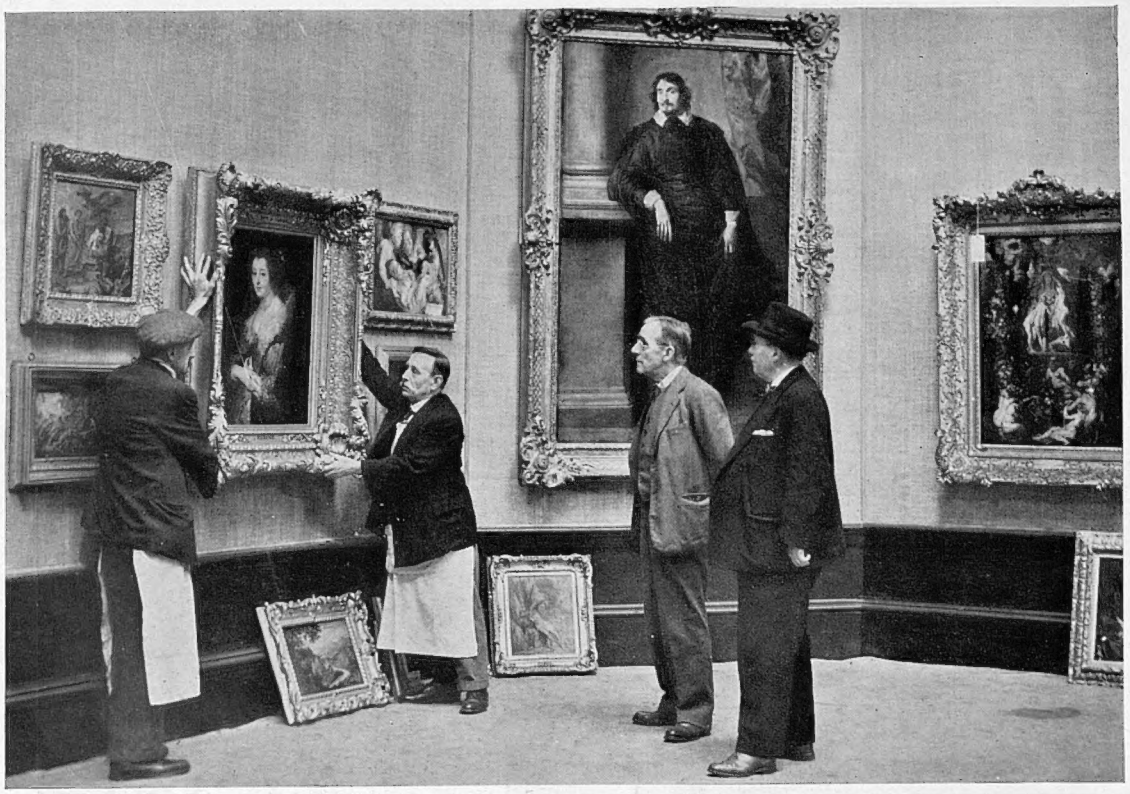
of the Rear-Admiral, Yangtse, was fired on but not hit, while a U.S. gunboat and three lighters were bombed and sunk with the loss of eighteen lives. As a result of strong protests from the British and American Governments, Admiral Hasegawa, the Japanese naval commander, hastened to apologise to the British and American Commanders, promises of full inquiries being made at the same time. On Monday President Roosevelt sent a strong protest to the Emperor Hirohito



WHERE THE SHIPS WERE ATTACKED: A sketch map showing Nanking and the three points on the Yangtse river which were the scene during last week-end of Japanese land and air assaults on British and American craft. Nanking itself fell into Japanese hands last Monday night



FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTION: Sir Walter Russell and Mr. Francis Dodd supervising the hanging at Burlington House of Rubens' portrait of his wife which is among the many pictures loaned by the King to the Royal Academy Exhibition of Seventeenth-century European Art. Dominating the wall in the background is Van Dyck's masterpiece, "The Abbé Scaglia"

THE R.A. WINTER EXHIBITION

Burlington House Prepares For The Coming Loan Display of Seventeenth-Century European Art — The King Leads the Way With Contributions

BY R. H. WILENSKI

REMBRANDT, Hals, and Vermeer of Delft, Rubens and Van Dyck, Velasquez, Poussin, Lely, Dobson and Le Sueur are among the artists whose works are now arriving at Burlington House for the two months Loan Exhibition of Seventeenth-Century European Art which is to open on January 3. Furniture, tapestry, candelabra and various *objets d'art* of the period as well as paintings and drawings will be included in this show which, like its predecessors in recent years, will occupy the whole range of the Academy's galleries.

When Rubens was in England, on a diplomatic mission in 1629, he wrote in a letter: "This island seems to me worthy the consideration of a man of taste, not only because of the charm of the countryside, the beauty of the people, and the outward show which appears to me to announce a people rich and happy in the bosom of peace, but also by the incredible quantity of excellent pictures, statues, and ancient inscriptions which are in this Court." These words, true at that time when Charles I was leading the fashion in collecting, have remained true to the present day. For, though, as all the world knows, the dollar has lured away numerous pictures, there are still many "Old Masters", far more indeed than is commonly suspected, in English collections; and of these a large proportion are works of the period covered by this exhibition.

Among the lenders the King will lead the way by contributing, with other things, the celebrated "Saint George" which Rubens painted for Charles I on the visit to England just referred to. This "Saint George" is a most entertaining and ridiculous picture; in a landscape, with the Thames and Windsor Castle in the background, we see Charles I in armour as St. George, his foot on the head of the dragon, and Queen Henrietta as St. Agnes congratulating him on his exploit; in the foreground a group of corpses record the activities of the dragon, and a group of women and children give thanks to Heaven for the activities of St. George; knights attendant on St. George and miscellaneous spectators fill up the rest of the foreground, and a pair of cupids descend from the firmament, with appropriate laurels for Charles-George and Henrietta-Agnes.

Rubens on this English visit was working for Spanish interests and he had been the year before in Madrid where he had met the new Court painter, Velasquez, then twenty-nine and his junior by twenty-two years. Before his appointment as Court painter in 1623, Velasquez had worked in his native Seville producing realistic genre pictures, one of which, "The Water Seller", which will be seen in the Exhibition, represents a man handing a glass of water to a boy while another boy is seen drinking behind him; this picture, now lent by the Duke of Wellington, was in the Royal Palace at Madrid till 1814, when it was discovered among the captured luggage of King Joseph Bonaparte after the battle of Vittoria, and it was then given by King Ferdinand VII to the first Duke of Wellington to celebrate the victory.

ANOTHER ROYAL LOAN: Men unloading at Burlington House Rubens' celebrated "St. George", which has also been lent to the exhibition from the King's collection. The picture was painted for Charles I and shows that monarch in the character of the dragon slayer. In the background is the Thames

The later manner of Velasquez will be seen in the Duke of Wellington's "Portrait of a Man" of 1640 and Lord Radnor's "Juan de Pareja; Moorish servant of the artist" which normally hangs in the smallest gallery with the special treasures at Longford Castle. The "Juan de Pareja" was painted by Velasquez to show his skill when he went to Rome in 1649 to paint his great portrait of Pope Innocent X; and it made a deep impression on the Pope and on the Roman artists who at once elected Velasquez a member of their Academy of St. Luke in token of their admiration. There is another version of the picture in the Huntington Collection.

As most of the exhibits will be lent by English collectors the 1938 display will not have the unrivalled historical importance of the Dutch, Flemish, French, and Italian exhibitions of former years when foreign governments and museums contributed so nobly. But it will nevertheless be a notable show with some first-rate pictures by first-rate painters and a number of highly interesting works by minor men.

Among the latter the "Portrait of a Medici Princess" by Justus Susterman is likely, I fancy, to prove very popular with the general public; it represents a handsome lady in a brown dress embroidered with gold, a brown cloak lined with yellow and a high Medici lace collar; and it was formerly ascribed to Van Dyck himself; and it was much admired at Christie's when it was sold with Sir George Holford's collection from Westonbirt in 1928. Susterman, born in Antwerp in 1597, became Court painter to Cosimo II in Florence at the age of thirty-nine; and thereafter he worked most of his life as a portrait painter for the rich and noble families in Rome and other Italian cities; he was a pupil of Frans Pourbus whose "Martin Ruzé" was a success in the Flemish exhibition and will be seen again in this one. Another picture to look out for is Jordaen's "The Burgomaster of Diest and his Wife" (the wife a portly lady who obviously dominated her husband, her parrot, and her dog.)

The French seventeenth-century masters, Poussin and Claude le Lorrain were both in Rome when Velasquez triumphed with the portrait of his Moorish servant; but there is no record that they made his acquaintance. Poussin was fifty-five in 1649 and Claude was fifty-two. Claude will be represented in the Exhibition by a number of characteristic compositions, and Poussin, by among other things, the celebrated series, "The Seven Sacraments," from Belvoir Castle. This series painted in 1638–1640 (some years before the second series at Bridgewater House) was originally in the Bonapaduli Palace in Rome; Sir Joshua Reynolds bought the seven pictures for the Duke of Rutland in 1785 and smuggled them out of Rome (the owners putting copies in their place); when the pictures reached Reynolds he had them cleaned in his studio, under his own eye.

(Continued on page 528)

"WRITING THE LOVE LETTER": Sir Alfred Beit is lending this Vermeer masterpiece to the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition. It will be one of the outstanding Dutch exhibits in a display that is notably Dutch, for the seventeenth century was a period of prolific production in Holland which at that time had thrown off the Spanish domination and had become an independent bourgeois State. Mr. Wilenski regards this picture as "rather more anecdotic" than most of Vermeer's works and hence worthy of particular study

Southern England in Winter's Grip : The Worst Blizzard for Ten Years Holds up Motorists

SNOW *and* FLOOD

Maryland Schoolchildren cut off by the Waters : Madras Natives Rendered Homeless

THE BLIZZARD PLAYS TRICKS IN THE NEW FOREST: Telegraph wires on the Lyndhurst-Bournemouth road drooping under the heavy weight of snow and giving the appearance of suspension bridge cables, after the big storm in the middle of last week when road and telephone communications were severed in several parts of Southern England. West Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight experienced the heaviest falls, drifts being as much as 10 ft. deep. Motorists were, of course, in difficulties in these highly trying conditions while Post Office officials worked night and day to repair the damage to poles and wires

"AND A BAD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL": Motorists found progress impossible in some parts of the south country after last week's great snow storm—the worst for ten years. *Left*—This long line of vehicles was held up near Lyndhurst, Hampshire, while men got to work and cleared away the drifts, and (*right*) one of many cars temporarily abandoned by their owners in the New Forest area. Drivers spent the night in farmhouses and wayside hotels, some sleeping on chairs and settees in the absence of sufficient beds to accommodate them. Another result of the storm was the breakdown of electricity supply in certain districts

JOY TURNED TO GLOOM when these children of Bladensburg, Maryland, who had been cut off from their school by a flooded roadway, were assisted by the school bus which appeared on the scene after this picture was taken and spoilt their chances of a day off. There has been heavy rain in Maryland of late

FLOODS IN MADRAS: A scene in Mount Road after a week of heavy rain had swollen the river to peak level and caused it to inundate part of the city, in some places to a depth of several feet. Many native huts have been washed away and a considerable number of people have been temporarily rendered homeless

LORD TWEEDSMUIR

The Governor-General Visits the

A BASKET OF ARCTIC ROSES: This was the gift of Eskimo children of the School of the Immaculate Conception at Aklavik to Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, who visited this little settlement north of the Arctic Circle during the course of his recent 10,000-mile tour which took him right through the Dominion's hinterland. It was perhaps the most spectacular journey ever made by an Imperial Proconsul and gave His Excellency a vision of the development that is now taking place in the Far North, particularly in the exploitation of Canada's mineral wealth

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL RELAXES: Lord Tweedsmuir reading in a deck-chair beside the cargo on the deck of S.S. *Distributor*, the river-steamer in which he made part of his great journey through the remote Canadian Northland

HE ENJOYS IT: Mr. L. A. C. O Hunt, a Hudson's Bay Company manager, produces a hearty laugh for the photographer as he takes his 5 a.m. cup of tea

LORD TWEEDSMUIR POSES: The Governor-Ge in which he travelled along a section Ca nition as an historian, as a writer added still further to his laurels in

61 DEG. NORTH: The nuns looking on as their young charges, the daughters of Canadian Indians, gave a pantomime performance in honour of Lord Tweedsmuir on the occasion of his visit to Fort Providence, one of the lonely outposts of the Canadian hinterland. They had rehearsed for many months in order to be ready. *On right*—The Governor-General shaking hands with the Rev. L. Jennings on arrival at Fort Norman. Standing with them is the minister's bride clad in her bridal gown

THE BELLE OF COPPERMINE: A young Eskimo girl hailing from one of the fast developing settlements in the region of the Arctic Circle where a hardy band of men is engaged in mining operations

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IN CANADA'S NORTHLAND

Settlements of the Hinterland in a 10,000-Mile Tour

General with members of his retinue and officers of the S.S. *Distributor* Canada's northern river system. His Excellency who has won recog· popular fiction under the name of John Buchan, and as a politician, has present post which since he took office he has filled with such real distinction

STONY SHORES OF THE MACKENZIE: A picture taken as Lord Tweeds· ashore from the river steamer to greet the mission priests of the Oblate stood waiting to receive him. *Below*—The camera caught this strange lakes and lagoon as His Excellency's plane flew over the Mackenzie delta

VESPERS IN AN ESKIMO MISSION: Playing the harmonium during the evening service at one of the many settlements where the native children receive their training. The Canadian Government has done much for the Eskimo folk of recent years, helping to preserve their numbers by teaching them principles of hygiene and educating the young in citizenship. In this work missionaries are playing an effective part, being content, like the trappers and traders, to live remote from civilisation

IN A LAND OF BARTER: An Eskimo trading a wolverine fur at a Hudson's Bay Company store, receiving in exchange a sack of flour, 1 lb. of baking powder, 1 lb. of tallow, 1 lb. of tobacco, 1 lb. of butter, and one tin of jam. An amazing variety of commodities can be obtained in these stores of the Northland which are run with both efficiency and fairness. Few Eskimos, indeed, go away disappointed

WHO WAS WHO IN 1937—Some Personalities of the Year

IN THE STEPS OF HALDANE: Mr. Hore-Belisha, Britain's energetic War Minister, whose surprisingly sweeping changes in the military hierarchy have made him such a widely discussed political figure

"LADY LINDY" PASSES: The popularity of Amelia Earhart, who was lost in the Pacific on the last lap of her world flight, lay not only in her achievements but in her modest, dignified, and happy bearing

AMERICA'S LABOUR LEADER: Mr. John L. Lewis, whose meteoric rise to national recognition during 1937 opens up vistas of great possibilities to the leader of a powerful Third Party in the United States

"THIS personality business" is assuredly catching on. The other day a leading publication even set out to discover "the man" of the year and "the woman." Though the result there wasn't so good, the stunt terminating with readers deploring "this hero hunt inspired by Fascism and the Nazis," or words to that effect.

Readers of THE SPHERE know from a number of years' experience that they are protected from any such hunt. A juicy blackguard, if notorious enough, stands every bit as much chance of inclusion here. Another thing—too many efforts in this particular line develop into mere obituary lists of the year's prominent departed and, after all, dying hardly makes of one a personality save in rarest case. Conceivably, from the strictly national view-point, "Dick" Sheppard may have constituted such a case—anyway, most people chose him as "the man" of the year in the above referred to case. As for *this* computation, only if a dead person really does stand out starkly and internationally in a time-niche that cannot be overlooked—a Marconi—is space found for him or for her.

It is so necessary to maintain this international perspective, the temptation to run ahead chiefly with one's own nationals, interspersing but an occasional foreigner, being so obvious. Finally, the dull pitfall has to be avoided of just producing a string of hardy annuals, such as a Hitler, Mussolini, Roosevelt, Stalin, decisively prominent as each may have been.

It is certainly permissible, however, annually to inquire how these topliners have fared.

For Stalin, seeming to shadow-fence with a Trotsky at the other side of the world (for can it be serious?), the twentieth anniversary of Sovietism has no doubt been the trickiest year yet, and the big chief can hardly hope to go on decapitating his major brains much longer without severely injuring a régime already placed on the defensive militarily by the execution of so many who built the Red Army.

The Führer? Perhaps not quite so solid as before with his own people, on account of his general religious offensive, perhaps not quite so feared abroad. And with the gorgeous Göring enjoying added limelight albeit almost surely with the Führer's approval.

For Mr. Roosevelt, an indifferent year. His New Deal halted; the richly-christened "business recession"; the open warfare with Business itself; the Judge Black slip-up. Yet the President could probably still command a big popular majority vote, for he has fought the good fight, if tactically and temperamentally more than sometimes off the track. Three Americans to loom in relation to him have been Cordell Hull, of the world outlook; John L. Lewis, risen meteor-like over the sky of a new Labour United States; and the electrical Mayor La Guardia of New York, Italian to the marrow, and, with Lewis, conceivably a candidate for the Presidency two years hence.

In the U.S., too, three women have written themselves deeply—that very gallant spirit, Amelia Earhart; the First Lady, who appears to make all the States her daily constituency, using every up-to-the-second means of getting to a public of 130,000,000, babies included, for she talks a great deal about them, too; and Dorothy Thompson, who no longer requires to be referred to as "Sinclair Lewis's wife." Here is another ex-colleague become of national consequence with her broadcast commentating. Frankly, I hae me doots about this continued accession of journalists to the high places, since how is the universe exactly faring while they do so? This morning I read that the leader of the 80,000 Quebec Fascists is "a journalist of forty named Adrien Arcand."

This movement owns kinship to native French Fascism and is being encouraged, so it is said, by Premier Duplessis whose ideal it is to launch an independent State of French Canada. Two others to loom in Canada have been young Mr. Hepburn, of Ontario, who seemingly may get anywhere or nowhere, and the Governor-General, John Buchan, has turned out something new in his line, as his 10,000-mile trip in the Far North showed. Let us remember that he was an idea of Ramsay's.

But to return to those topliners-unto-death—

What else can be said of the Duce than that his particular manner and method of bearing himself in the daft new world—in which we well and truly already *are*, a fact that may escape some people right up topside—has continued to yield substantial dividends? In that "Rome" which once conjured the Papacy but now stands for him, Mussolini grins or laughs ever more sardonically as the democratic countries miss every opportunity of pulling together.

By

FERDINAND TUOHY

Does a Mr. Chamberlain (one wonders) penetrate a Benito's mind, which, after all, is mainly copying "The Prince," as Miss Baskerville points out in the opening paragraph of her *What Next, O Duce?* Few foreign observers know Fascist Italy more intimately than Beatrice, my first mentor in those parts.

Ataturk, sanest of men of force, conceivably because he likes having a good time, too, has carried unobtrusively on with the regeneration of a war-exhausted land. Benes has succeeded to the mantle of Masaryk, at the head of Versailles' lone successful issue in the way of new States, yet now threatened. One visualises this vigorous young State as prepared to fight on to the end, back to the wall, if need be, valuing liberty above class, to the extent of being ready to defend the same alongside all-comers, red, pink, or puce, provided these seek the same end—peace and the right to lead one's own national life.

Of personalities special to 1937, no doubt the name Franco has been most on the lips of the multitude. This young General's true quality has yet to be estimated; Mola was supposed to be the brains and when Mola died it was freely foretold that Franco would crash. A victorious Biscayan campaign was the answer, thanks to Franco not permitting an excess of self-esteem to stand in the way of its being won by foreign strategy, tactics, storm troops, tanks, fighters, and bombers.

Franco retains the initiative over Miaja, sole military leader of first rank thrown up by the Republicans and forever to be linked with the defence of Madrid, yet the likely campaigning country ahead is so difficult and the defences are so strong, that it may well be the war will find ultimate solution along the lines of Napoleon's dictum that an army marches on its belly—the Governmental's beginning seriously to run short of victuals.

King George VI and Queen Elizabeth loomed largely in the first half of the year, since when a widespread opinion has developed that Their Majesties' stabilising influence at this world juncture is of extreme value. Yet if one were to go out purely and simply after *personality* in connection with the Coronation, it is hard not to nominate Dr. Lang who walked away with a one-man triumph.

Throughout the year the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were seldom out of the big news. You cannot expect a former King of England who also happened to have been the best-known and liked Prince of Wales in history, suddenly to evaporate at mere alteration of royal style and condition.

Exile is a difficult business in contemporary Europe—far different from the lolling of a Duke of Orleans at Woodstock or Palermo. The Duke has not got used to it yet and basically has but three countries to fall back on: Austria, France, and the United States. The matter of new friends, for one in his unique situation, must be a capital one. As for his lady, no one could have been more self-effacing all through the long and trying times since last December; and what bearing better conceived than that?

Three Kings, of Egypt, Belgium, and Rumania, deserve inclusion. Young Farouk, who should be still at Harrow or somewhere, has blossomed into a full-blown monarch, and one on the threshold of matrimony. By all accounts, a remarkable young man, kindler of a new fire in Egypt whither, it is good to think, we have sent a sound brain in Major-General Cornwall, one-time compiler of a very hush-hush Yellow Book which the Germans did not get hold of till the Somme, and, anyway, it was always changing.

Leopold of Belgium is in the first class of his profession. You have to hand it to the Belgians. They can produce first-class people. King Albert, Burgomaster Max, and Cardinal Mercier in the war. King Leopold, M. van Zeeland in the "Peace." The last never should have gone. He was edged out by Fascism in conjunction with other things.

King Carol will drive in state through London next May, and it will be a victory come-back for him; and wise we were to invite this great-grandson of Queen Victoria, who has shown himself no mere king of comic opera, of a country of high consequence on the Continental chessboard.

Worth noting is the year-in and year-out paucity of fresh personalities in the totalitarian lands which have organised special schools for future leadership, whose first pupils have, however, yet to emerge. Meanwhile look around for a new German. Look around for a new Italian. Always the same ones in the limelight. Perhaps this year Herr von Ribbentrop should have a mention. This Flying Ambassador Extraordinary and At Large and Sometimes at his Official Post, who can breakfast with the Duce at Villa Torlonia, lunch with his Führer at the Berghof, and dine with our Foreign Secretary in Mayfair, having signed a treaty with Japan at tea-time in the Wilhelmstrasse, is assuredly an addition to diplomatic lore. "Personal contact" should be his telegraphic address, aber ganz gewiss.

Mr. Eden has had a third successive year bang in the forefront. No English statesman has been better

(Continued on page 526)

ONTARIO'S PREMIER: Mr. Mitchell Hepburn, whose striking personality looms large on Canada's political horizon

ROOSEVELT'S MAN OF THE WORLD: Mr. Cordell Hull, whom Ferdinand Tuohy includes among outstanding Americans

PASTOR NIEMÖLLER, former U-boat hero "who will let no mortal, be he dictator of the Universe, interfere with worship"

THE BROADCASTING KING: General Queipo de Llano whose radio work has been of such service to his chief, Franco

MUSLIMS *in* EUROPE

The Faithful Forgather at the Inauguration of a New Mosque in a Yugoslavian Village

WESTERN OUTPOST OF THE EASTERN WORLD: The Muslim faith continues to hold strong sway in Yugoslavia and at the last census it was found that over 11 per cent. of the population still adhered to this religion, the vast majority of them living in the Bosnian region. Elsewhere the Serbian Orthodox Church and Roman Catholicism claim the most adherents, while the Protestants and Jews are in a very distinct minority. The pictures on this page were taken in the little township of Vrnogracа, on the borders of Sava and Vrbas provinces, on the occasion of the inauguration of a new mosque, a ceremony attended by all the local inhabitants and by agricultural folk from the country for miles around. *On the left* a Muslim official is seen calling the faithful to prayer and *above* is a glimpse of the great crowd that gathered in the main square at the entrance to the building and took part in the service. In accordance with custom they removed their shoes

KNEELING IN PRAYER: Bosnian peasants taking part in the open-air service during the inauguration of the new mosque at Vrnogracа, a village nestling remote amid the mountains

A FRUGAL MEAL, BUT PLENTIFUL: *Above and on left*—Muslim peasant folk taking their lunch after the ceremonial was over in the village square and the new mosque had been duly inaugurated. These people are the product of centuries of Turkish rule that started in the Middle Ages and they have thrived largely because Bosnia has known such long periods of religious toleration. Even under the Austrian monarchy, when considerable bitterness prevailed among the rival confessions, the Government did not look upon the Muslims unfavourably, its representatives often visiting the mosques in state on festival days. Generous grants were also made to the people for the Mecca pilgrimage

JAPAN KEEPS

The destruction and the loss of trade in China during the past few months is in itself a major tragedy, and the following brief extracts from an article by a correspondent of *The Engineer* have a particular bearing on this in relation to foreign business interests. "Until the early days of August there was a strong note of optimism concerning the improved prospects of engineering developments in China. The increased number of orders obtained by the agents of British firms in China was most encouraging; it seemed probable that the promised time was near when China would become one of the largest markets in the world for British engineering manufacturers. The guns of the Japanese battle fleet in the harbour of Shanghai have shattered all of those hopes for the immediate future . . . The commercial activities of Shanghai, the fifth largest port in the world, have been paralysed since the arrival of the Japanese battle fleet. Hong Kong has become a dumping ground for cargoes destined for other ports . . . . The little British Colony seems to be the only safe place for refugees, and for property . .

THE ADVANCE ON NANKING: Lieutenant-General K. Harada, the Japanese second-in-command on the southern front, explaining the disposition of troops in the presence of a foreign military observer during the attack on the capital following the penetration of the Wusih-Kiangyin line. Since the breakdown at Shanghai the Chinese resistance has diminished

THEY SHALL NOT PASS: Chinese soldiers removing sleepers from the Shanghai-Hangchow railway in order to impede the Japanese advance and to use them for building new huts. *Left*—Chinese refugees attempting to ford the Seccawa Creek and gain admission to Shanghai's French Concession

ADVANCING—CHINA'S REFUGEES SEEK SANCTUARY

JAPANESE ARTILLERY DID THIS: Two pictures showing havoc wrought by big guns to concrete-built Chinese positions barring the way between Shanghai and Nanking. *Left*—Japanese army and marine officers standing in a half-wrecked and captured line of fortifications and (*above*) an unexploded shell lying amid the ruins

THE PLIGHT OF THE REFUGEES: Chinese in boats laden with their belongings, clamouring for admittance to the Shanghai International Settlement after crossing the Whangpoo River from the industrial quarter of Pootung. As pointed out in the letter reproduced below over a million Chinese are now homeless in the South alone

The situation of the refugees in Shanghai was made plain last week in the following informative letter received by Mr. Quo Tai-chi, the Chinese Ambassador in London. "Here in Shanghai," it reads, "more than 1,000,000 people have been driven out of their homes. Of these about 250,000 have been evacuated to their native Provinces. But about 750,000 belong to families which have been in Shanghai so long that Shanghai is their only home. Of this latter number about 100,000 are in refugee camps supported by various benevolent associations. The remainder are staying with their friends or are huddled in doorways and alley-ways, contriving to live on their own resources. As the winter progresses it will be necessary to take care of an increasing number of these alley refugees. Practically every philanthropic society in Shanghai is raising funds and dispensing them towards the care of these people. Altogether somewhere between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 dollars has been raised for this purpose, and probably a little more will be raised, but Shanghai cannot itself carry the load very long. There is in Shanghai an American Advisory Committee, with years of experience, which can serve as an allocating body for American funds to China, and there is being formed a British Ambassador's Committee which will serve in a similar capacity for the allocation of accumulating British funds."

A MODERN MOTOR TRAMP: The 5,180 tons *Hopecrown*, which was completed only this year, pictured at Beira. The cost of building vessels has risen sharply during the past twelve months

BRITAIN'S TRAMPING TRADE

The Maintenance of Freight Rates is the Key to Continued Prosperity

Says FRANK C. BOWEN

RECENT events in the British tramping trade make a good example of the varying fortune of the shipping industry, but they have a far deeper meaning than that for it is often said that the tramp is the backbone of British shipping and her profitable employment, even her very existence, has been in danger on several occasions since the war. Contrary to the general opinion of the layman, the tramp is not any cargo ship but one which is chartered entire to carry the cargo of a single interest, while the cargo liner runs to schedule whether she is full or empty and may serve many hundreds of shippers and consignees.

As the tramp is chartered by private arrangement for each voyage, and the price naturally depends on supply and demand, it is the tramping freight rates which supply the best indication of the state of external trade, and after the longest slump in the history of shipping these freights began to rise about eighteen months ago with a rapidity almost unknown in peace time as long as there have been tramps, and within a year they had increased by over 75 per cent. In 1934 the average freight rate was only 80 per cent. of the pre-war level, although running costs had increased by 60 to 90 per cent. according to the type of ship. The natural result was that any number of tramps were laid up; *in 1935 there were no fewer than 126 in British ports and in the summer of 1937 only two.* The ships were not only getting the benefit of increased rates, but there were far fewer voyages that had to be made in ballast, not bringing in a penny of revenue, with the improvement of exports.

This sudden improvement in freights was due to a variety of circumstances. Firstly, there was the revival of trade in general, and the demand of British factories for more raw materials to keep them going. The re-armament plans of various Powers demanded metals of all sorts, but perhaps most of all, the extraordinary patchiness of the 1936 harvest caused an unusual movement of grain, which is always the mainstay of the tramping business. Germany suffered a serious shortage and the United States resumed her position as an exporting Power after several years' interval owing to the drought, dust storms, and other reasons.

Running the blockade into the various Spanish ports paid very well for those who were willing to take the risk of having their ships captured or sunk, while the amount of tonnage available for the business offered was greatly reduced by the practical elimination of Spanish and Japanese competition in the open market. Also there were far fewer Italian tramps than usual.

So the rates rose rapidly and at the beginning of 1937 it became obvious that the tramp shipowners would be able to do without the special subsidy provided by Parliament in 1935, limited to £2,000,000 per annum and entirely dependent on the 1929 level of freights—not the level of profits for the Government forgot the inevitable result of any sort of State aid, a great increase in the claims made on the owners by various interests. The average level of freights before the war was passed in September 1936; the 1929 level in October.

So tramp freights rose steadily until September 1937, their peak, when they averaged 72 per cent. over the 1929 level and 83 per cent. over the pre-war, although they were only 43 per cent. of the average in 1920. At the peak the tramp companies which had been able to keep their finances stable were getting rates which meant 25 to 30 per cent. of their ordinary capital per annum, those which had drastically cut down their capital over 80 per cent., if only they could maintain the level for a reasonable period. Unfortunately they could not and immediately freights had reached their peak there was a sharp drop by comparison.

Even when tramps were doing their best the owners were not getting the return which was pictured by many speculators when they bought shares on a rising market. There were many items on the other side of the ledger. Among these was the fact that the rise found many owners with depleted fleets, having been forced to sell their ships to foreigners at a low price during the slump because they could not afford the laying-up expenses. The cost of reconditioning ships which had been idle for some years rose very rapidly, and was very soon at a level which absorbed a large proportion of the profits for the first few voyages. Running costs—fuel, victualling, manning, and practically all the other items which a shipowner has to face—rose even more rapidly.

When tramping rates rise rapidly it is the usual thing for the owners to order new and up-to-date ships. In this case, however, the lessons of history did not apply. When ships were not paying their way the shipbuilders had to accept contracts at a loss to the limits of their reserves in order to keep their personnel together, but when tramps began to pay they began to quote prices that covered their expenses. In a very short time shipbuilding costs rose by nearly 75 per cent., but only a comparatively small proportion of the increase went to the shipbuilder. By far the greater part was entirely beyond his control, especially in ships which were up-to-date in every respect and whose design embodied patented fittings.

Those shipowners who were in a financial position to order their tonnage at a contract price before the rise reaped a very rich reward. During the slump any number of improvements had been evolved in hull and machinery which reduced running costs, including the standard opposed-piston diesel tramp, and these improvements not only included greater fuel economy but higher speed which permitted more voyages, greater carrying capacity on a smaller tonnage as reckoned for the payment of dues, greater safety which carried with it cheaper insurance, better machinery for handling cargo which reduced the expensive time wasted in ill-equipped ports and far better accommodation which reduced the manning difficulty when the jobs offered exceeded the number of seamen looking for them.

Some owners have added these ships to their fleets in anticipation of leaner times when economy will be all-important. Some have sold them on a rising market with a generous profit.

Certain owners saw the possibility of a fall and played for safety by hiring their ships on long-term time charter instead of risking the vagaries of the market. Many better class tramps were thus chartered to the liner companies, enabling them to fulfil their contracts to carry the heavier cargoes and still keep their crack ships for the finer and better paying commodities.

In due course shipbuilding prices reached a height at which it was very risky for any tramp owner to place orders, for when new ships cost £15 and £16 per ton deadweight the owner had to be very confident in the continuance of good times before he could see his way to cover the capital charges during her normal lifetime.

The doubts of many experienced shipping men were justified, for in October 1937 freight rates suddenly began to waver although the tendency was uneven, for the demand on some trades continued good. During October rates dropped over 12 per cent. and then there was a slight recovery on some routes, although it was still jumpy and uncertain. Even so the return was quite satisfactory to the owners but it made them cautious of the future. The setback was caused partly by the drop in commodity prices, causing most importers to prefer small shipments by liner instead of whole cargoes until they could judge affairs, and partly by the reduction in goods to be shipped; the River Plate crops endangered by frost, the Canadian patchy and the South African maize so reduced by drought that exports were prohibited.

The great hope of the tramp industry in the future is in the agreement of practically all British tramp owners to co-operate in the regulation of freights, voluntarily continuing the arrangement on which the Government insisted before it granted the tramp subsidy. This spirit of co-operation is being supported by the cargo liner owners, and negotiations are now in progress to bring in the foreign interests whose co-operation is essential.

It is not usually realised by the general public that the freights which more than satisfy the shipowner make practically no difference to retail prices. Grain brought from the River Plate at 37s. 6d. per ton, from the Black Sea at 25s. and from Australia at 43s. gives the shipowner all that he desires, but it makes practically no difference in the retail price in the shops, any more than 52s. per ton for rice from Saigon or 22s. 6d. for petrol from the Black Sea or Gulf ports. Divided into pounds or gallons they can scarcely be reckoned in retail price, yet if they could be maintained tramp shipping would flourish exceedingly.

ANOTHER NEWCOMER: The *Biddlestone*, a vessel of 4,910 tons, which has also been completed in 1937

W. Davis

BEACON TO MEN: The sky-scraping central tower of the new £3,000,000 London University headquarters in Bloomsbury, is a striking enough sight in daytime, for building high is still a novelty in the world's largest city; but after dark, when the flood-lights are on, it is even more impressive, its giant bulk silhouetted against the surrounding darkness. None of the storeys above the seventh have floors as they are over the limit set by the County Council

LONDON *When* DARKNESS *Falls*

On right—"WHILE BARRED CLOUDS BLOOM THE SOFT-DYING DAY": Piccadilly has a magic beauty at dusk of a winter's evening, when the light is fast fading from the western sky and street lamps and electric signs are coming into their own once again

The Ghostly Beauty OF THE Fading Day

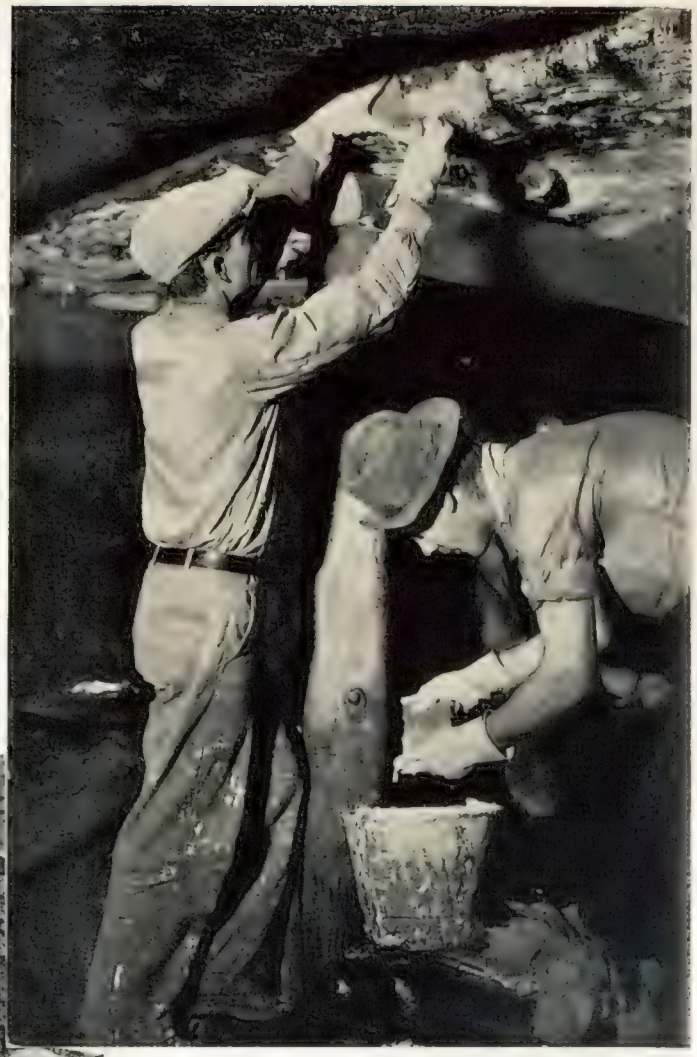
DINOSAUR HUNTING IN AMERICA

Remarkable Finds in Utah, Colorado, and Other Western States

THE DINOSAUR NATIONAL MONUMENT: This enormous cutting near Jensen, Utah, has been excavated by Dr. Barnum Brown's Dinosaur Expedition and the wall of sandstone in the background contains the fossilised skeletons of two mighty dinosaurs which will eventually be revealed in bas relief. A museum will be built on the site in the near future

FOSSILISED BONES OF A MIGHTY DUCK-BILLED DINOSAUR unearthed last summer by Dr. Brown's expedition to the Far West of America. When this picture was taken some of the bones had been covered with plaster of Paris and burlap strips reinforced with wood, thus making it possible for the find to be removed to New York section by section and then, after treatment, reassembled for exhibition

ON THE TRAIL IN GREEN VALLEY, COLORADO: Dr. Barnum Brown examining the tracks of a dinosaur imprinted on the sandstone roof of a coal mine at Cedaredge, a district where these monsters must have walked on decomposed leafage which in the course of centuries turned to coal



A GIGANTIC TASK: Members of Dr. Barnum Brown's Dinosaur Expedition preparing for removal a huge section of sandstone on the roof of the Charles G. States coalmine at Cedaredge, Colorado, a block weighing thirty tons and containing four footprints of a dinosaur. The impressions show that the creature was capable of taking a stride of fifteen feet

DR. BARNUM BROWN, curator of fossil reptiles of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and leader of the American Museum-Sinclair Dinosaur Expedition in the Far West, has just returned to New York with one of the largest and most important collections of fossil trophies ever assembled by him in a single season during his forty years of dinosaur hunting.

Much of the strenuous work of exploration was achieved by the dinosaur hunters in the wilds of Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming, where many important discoveries were made.

During five months of difficult work and research and strenuous digging in the egg-shaped dinosaur bowl that stretches some thirty miles on both sides of the Union Pacific tracks from Point of Rocks to Rock Springs in Wyoming, and in the coal mines of Cedaredge, Colorado, Dr. Barnum Brown and his associates excavated more than a ton of dinosaur bones, fossil plants, and shells, plus a strip of dinosaur track that weighs 16,000 lb.

Perhaps the most spectacular discovery was that of the fossil footprints of the gigantic but elusive Mystery Dinosaur, which reached a height of 35 ft., and took 15 ft. in a single stride, leaving a footprint of 34 ins. wide and 34 ins. long, a veritable giant among giants. Aside from the discovery of the foot-prints and arm bone of the Mystery Dinosaur, the skeleton of a squat monster that looked like an enormous horned toad, and a gigantic duck-billed reptile, the Expedition found one mountable skeleton of a small duck-billed dinosaur, two skulls of horned dinosaurs, and the incomplete bones of a large flesh-eating dinosaur.

"All of these skeletons," said Dr. Brown, leader of the Expedition, "come from the Mesaverde Cretaceous Period of 80,000,000 years, and fill in a previously vacant gap in dinosaur history. We know the dinosaurs fairly well during the early part of their existence in the Triassic Age of 200,000,000 years ago. We know them very well during the Jurassic Period of 140,000,000 years ago. But, between the Jurassic and the Cretaceous there was a gap of 80,000,000 years, which at best was only sketchily known. This gap has now been reduced some 20,000,000 years by our car load of dinosaur skeletons."

The remarkable dinosaur foot-prints discovered in the West by Dr. Barnum Brown and his associates are now on exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History, New York. These foot-prints are preserved upon a strip of sandstone—some 17 ft. long, 5 ft. wide and 1 ft. thick.

Much time will elapse before the gigantic skeletons discovered by Dr. Brown are restored to a condition for placing on exhibition.

A 700-YEAR-OLD ICON BROUGHT TO LONDON

And Other Pictures of Religious and Artistic Interest, Relating Particularly to the Orthodox Church

TREASURED SYMBOL OF THE ORTHODOX FAITH: Archbishop Seraphim (right), standing beside the 700-year-old icon of Our Lady of Koursk in the Russian Church in London where it is being displayed. The Archbishop has been responsible for bringing it from Yugoslavia, where it has been kept ever since Archbishop Theophan of Koursk escaped with it across the Russian border at the advent of red rule

ONCE THIS ANCIENT ICON WAS INLAID WITH GEMS WORTH A KING'S RANSOM, to-day its frame is much less richly adorned, but as a religious relic it is beyond price. It has been brought to London from Yugoslavia

A NEEDLEWORK MASTERPIECE: This icon is one of the treasured permanent possessions of the Russian Church in London and bears a representation of the body of Christ awaiting burial. Moscow nuns made it

THE DIPTYCH OF BOETIUS, a consul of A.D. 487, is one of the interesting items in the exhibition of Byzantine art which has been taking place in the Gallery de Marsan, Paris. No fewer than forty-nine diptychs, which were the gift of Byzantine Emperors to consuls and high officials of State, have come down to us, and it is to a large extent from works such as these that our present knowledge of Byzantine sculpture is derived, most of the larger monuments having disappeared

FELLOW LABOURER WITH PAUL: This beautifully-worked figure of St. Barnabas is one of the glories of the Byzantine Church of Enkomi, Cyprus. The apostle had a special connection with the island, and is known to have visited it three times. It is also possible that he was martyred there in A.D. 61, although Rome and Alexandria are quite often mentioned in this connection too

Britain in the Far East

SINGAPORE

European and Native Life in the Great Straits Settlements Port, which is Such a Key Point of Trade and Imperial Defence

THE PERAMBULATING SHOE STORE is a characteristic feature of life in Singapore, the itinerant trader carrying his wares in two baskets (one of which is depicted here) attached to each end of a long pole. Note how the Chinese woman customer has her baby suspended by cloths winding round her waist and over her shoulders

FOCAL POINT OF CIVIC LIFE: The Fullerton building, one of the outstanding architectural f waterfront and houses the General Post Office, the Singapore Club, the Chamber of Commer ments Government offices. The building shown in the background on the left, with its striking

THE SINGAPORE SWIMMING CLUB, ideally situated on a neck of land with deep water on each side, is a great resort of the European population. The modern club house, part of which can just be seen, is magnificently equipped and, in addition to the open-air bath, with its separate places for adults and children, there is a sea-bathing area fenced in so that bathers no longer risk life and limb when they go in for a swim. Round about 4 o'clock in the afternoon there is always a big crowd there. *On left*—A youngster enjoying a shower after a dip in the filtered sea-water of the swimming bath

tural features of Singapore, stands on the ommerce, and certain of the Straits Settle- triking white tower, is the Victoria Theatre

A CHINESE TEMPLE AND SCHOOL: Only one of many buildings of this nature in Singapore, where the Celestial is a dominant member of a teeming population that is chiefly remarkable for its heterogeneity

HE PREFERS TO CROUCH: The Chinese rickshaw-puller, one of the hardest-worked members of the community, likes to eat his meal in this fashion—balanced on his haunches instead of sitting down

On right—SAILING DAY: A scene on the quayside before the departure of a liner, showing curio vendors who include among their wares capacious basket-work armchairs which can often be acquired for much less than the price of hiring a deck chair on the boat

LATE AUTUMN'S GLORY

Looking east along the deep still waters of Loch Morar, one of the wildest parts of Inverness-shire, which at this time of year is glorious in its rugged beauty

A TOWN SHROUDED

An interesting picture taken above Dartmouth, showing an early morning sea mist shrouding the town, while the high pastures rise clear above it

CHEPSTOW

From the painting by S. H. Braithwaite, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1937

THE QUIET WATERWAYS

It May Be That This Industrial Age is Tiring of Speed and Sees New Value in Britain's Spurned Canals

BY ALAN JENKINS

WATERWAYS are coming into their own again The Transport Advisory Council has just issued a Blue Book, recommending the co-ordination of goods transport in Britain. Rates are to be stabilised. Road, rail, and water must in future compete on "fair terms," each carrying what cargoes it is best fitted for The rates charged should be compulsorily standardised and published. Canal owners, it seems, are willing to do this. Coastwise shipping is to be similarly investigated in a later report. The whole scheme is supposed to give waterways the fair play they have long demanded. Now is their chance to prove their worth

Already an all-water transport service has been established between London and Antwerp, which will link up the Continent with the Midlands *viâ* the Grand Union Canal. And the recent proposal of Mr. W. E. Gooday, a London petroleum expert, to build a petrol pipeline along the Grand Union from London to Birmingham is a fresh tribute to the importance and safety of our larger inland waterways, even if it means dispensing, to some extent, with some highly-efficient oil-carrying barges.

Water transport is, above all, *safe*. Its dangers are many, but its safety regulations are strict. Most river accidents occur from October to February: fog is the great enemy. Canal accidents are extremely rare: when the British steamer *Penshurst* collided with a Norwegian steamer in the Ghent-Ternheuzen Canal on October 9 and sank, the crew were easily saved. Waterways accidents, on either canal or river, lose very few lives compared with rail, road, and air disasters

The new status of our rivers and canals would seem to indicate a moving away from the roads. Can it be that this age is at last tired of speed, and is turning to the peaceful, leisurely transport such as inland waterways provide? Are we weary of bigger and bigger ships, preferring to concentrate on the stolid goods-carrying of stout little boats and sturdy barges?

We talk of by-pass roads, longer and faster Empire and world air services, traffic-congestion on railways, and neglect the waterways which are still our safest roads, and can be developed without spoiling the rapidly-diminishing beauty of the countryside. Out of date, you say? Nonsense. For purposes of both peace and war, waterways are moving with the requirements and resources of the times. The present boom in them will last.

Traders, admittedly, are still somewhat prejudiced against them. They are inclined to prefer rail transport, but this may very well be a matter of tradition and habit. Isn't it just a conservative idea that traders have not bothered to question very closely? And the possibilities of cheap carriage on waterways need no emphasis.

In Britain, we prefer ships to barges on the whole. Ship canals are the great feature of the modern waterways age—abroad as well as in this country. For politics must enter into any consideration of waterways as contributors to safety In addition to Panama and Suez, there are the Kiel, Zeebrugge-Bruges, Princess Juliana, and Leningrad-Kronstad canals—all of strategic importance. This era of war-fear has gravely changed the character and utility of waterways.

Russia has both eyes on the future. Apart from her special need of commercial and naval communications with the seas, she is well "in on" this new movement to make the fullest use of water transport. The fine new Moscow-Volga Canal, completed last May, has turned the Soviet capital into a seaport, and is worth studying. Meanwhile the Volga-Don canal proceeds, linking the White, Baltic, and Caspian Seas with the Azov and Black Seas. Stalin, too, realises that Waterways Are Safe Ways. There's just one thing to be said against canalised rivers in general: they are not too reliable in districts suffering from winter frosts or floods

What part would waterways play in a war? Listen to the General Manager of the Trent Navigation Company, Nottingham. "It would be a lucky hit which seriously injured a river or canal," he says. Attacks on roads and railways are easy, but any airman will tell you that vital canals and canalised rivers are very hard to distinguish from hundreds of other lakes and streams which are scattered over the country. Important locks and viaducts could be bombed, but the damage would not be so bad as hitting a main road or railway. Waterways are thus at least an extra string to the bow of safety.

Again, if a coastal port is put out of action by an enemy, other ports get congested; but waterways do not add to the congestion of goods unloaded on the quay for road and rail transport, since barges can go alongside steamers in dock. Therefore, continues the same expert, "it would be in the national interest to carry out the recommendations of the Royal Commission of 1910 and the Departmental Committee of 1921 by enlarging the locks of the Trent and the Mersey Canal sufficiently to pass large barges used on Yorkshire and East Midland waterways, so that, should the Humber and the Thames be closed, a large number of the craft in those waterways could be used to relieve congestion in the Mersey and Severn docks."

The ship-*versus*-barge controversy still rages, in England especially. But for reliability the modern ship "has nothing on" the modern barge. Barges specialise nowadays. They are frequently fitted as insulator-craft. They are perfectly well adapted to deal with meat, butter, fruit, and other perishable foodstuffs taken over from refrigerator-fitted steamers. There are tank barges for spirit and vegetable oils, complete with heaters to prevent solidification of the oil. There are special lock-fitted barges for dutiable goods entering this country. All these have to be examined and passed by the Port of London Authority.

Who are the people who actually keep the safety of waterways? Not only the lock-keepers and bargees on the canals themselves, but officials at far more perilous centres to which canals converge —the tidal river estuaries. Captains, mooring masters, pilots, tugmasters, river police, humble lightermen and dockers, on the Thames, Clyde, Humber, Mersey. Pilots earn up to £3,000 a year, and they are worth it. More care is taken to prevent waterway disasters than all the safe-guarding work of other forms of transport. For safe estuaries mean safe canal traffic. This particular virtue of safety will atone for the sacrifice of speed in the hard test of open competition to which the Transport Commission wants to subject waterways.

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IN THE LENSLIGHT . . .

A MURDER HAS BEEN ARRANGED, or is it a suicide? Anyway, it is the job of these student police at the Wakefield headquarters of West Riding Constabulary to investigate this case concocted for them by one of their examiners. Wakefield is the North of England's big police training centre, forces from other counties sending their recruits there for a course of twelve weeks

THE SAILOR PHILANTHROPIST: Mr. David Evans, A.R.B.S., at work on his figure of Captain Thomas Coram to adorn the façade of the Brunswick Square headquarters of the Foundling Hospital. Coram, who was always keenly interested in unemployment welfare, turned his attention in 1722 to the condition of the London foundlings and about seventeen years later started his hospital

SUR LES TOITS DE LONDRES: Girls enjoying the fresh air on their roof playground at the Buckingham Gate Central School, Victoria, S.W. which has recently been re-opened on new premises by Mr. A. Emil Davies, vice-chairman of the London County Council. The playground, which is well fenced in for safety's sake, is five storeys above ground level

ALL'S WELL: Lady Patricia Sybil Douglas, nineteen-year-old daughter of the Marquess of Queensberry by his first marriage, pictured with Count John de Bendern, a former amateur golf champion, following the announcement of their engagement. Last June Lord Queensberry said he "had not authorised a statement regarding the engagement," but he has since given his consent

A HUNTER ON SKIS returning to camp across the Arctic slopes of the Avatschinska Volcano, Kamchatka, North-east Siberia, and carrying a hefty mountain sheep he has just killed. This remote region, with its chain of active and extinct volcanoes and its lofty peaks, is a veritable sportsman's paradise

A SKIER IN GRISONS: Preparing for the downhill run after an arduous climb

TIME was, when mountaineers climbed during the summer months only; to-day things are different. Summer and winter the Alpine peaks as well as those to be found in these islands, are attacked by climbers, some of them foolhardy and over venturesome.

The clear, ringing sounds of ice-axes cutting steps in ice slopes, and the scrape of nailed boots struggling for a grip on ice-coated rock, can now be heard in the British Isles.

When the Mountain Strikes

Perils Enough Beset the Climber in Summer-time, but in Winter He Should Always Think Twice Before Making Any Ascent

PITFALLS ON EVERY SIDE: A new camera study from the Swiss Alps

The summer season's conquests have been much the same last summer as the summer before, and if anything the death list of 200 has been a little below the annual average. This has been explained by a British climber of repute as the result of better weather conditions on the whole.

One can only surmise how the accidents occurred. Few are witnessed by third parties, and too often the principals never live to tell how an avalanche crashed down upon them after they had unwittingly cut their way across the face of a snow slope so that the imprints of their boots severed the snow in a diagonal line across its face, with the result that the lower half slipped, releasing the upper half in the form of an avalanche; neither can they tell how it was a seemingly sound ledge of rock gave way under the strain of the climber, to hurl him to his death, and possibly to drag his companions to theirs . . . for the climber, too, often returns to the village strapped to skis, or placed in a sack.

Sixteen men died in the Himalayas last season. Their deaths can be summed up in one word: "avalanche". Nothing can reasonably hope to escape destruction in a bad avalanche, whether in the Himalayas, Alps, or in the British peaks. They are one of the mountain's natural defences against conquest by man. Allied to them is the cold that deadens the climber's mind and makes him do things he would not do when alert; storms that hide all landmarks from view, and leave their mark in frost bite; crevasses, ice-coated rocks . . . .

The winter conditions to be found in our own mountains are often severe. A climb in summer which is rated as "severe" might be rated as "very severe" in winter, or impossible. The trouble starts when a party of climbers try to prove otherwise.

By

FRANK ILLINGWORTH

The better part of twenty men and women perished during last summer season in Scotland, Wales, Skye, Westmorland, and Cumberland. In practically every instance the accident could have been averted by the employment of a little common sense and care, though it is notoriously easy to be wise after the event! Many accidents are due to over enthusiasm; for a moment the climber forgets where he is, and it is at that moment when the mountain strikes. Experienced climbers keep their attention continually on the difficulties of the ascent or descent, and even they perish as the result of a slip, or avalanche.

A number of accidents occur when tourists, ill-shod and clothed, attempt to climb without a guide. One of last summer's many examples was when M. and Madame Polak set out to climb the Brevent, an easy climb of 8,285 ft., wearing town shoes and without any equipment. As might be expected they encountered difficulties and after two days of clinging to the face of the peak a search party found them. This is just another example of foolhardy tourists who set out to climb a peak without even rudimentary knowledge of mountain craft, and who not only risk their own lives but those of the rescuers.

So serious have been the attacks on the north face of the 13,000 ft. Eiger, in the Bernese Oberland, during recent years, that the Swiss Government was asked to put this face of the peak "out of bounds": another suggestion was that the peak should only be attempted by parties who brought their own rescue parties, and this year the local guides have been freed from any obligation to rescue climbers who attempt this face. But it is doubtful whether this fine body of men would refuse to offer their help to those in difficulties. I have stood on the top of this peak and marvelled at the trepidity of those who dared to try to climb the north face. Such a climb is an example of the present day craze to climb what to all intents and purposes are "unclimbable faces", with the help of mechanical appliances such as *pitons* which the climbers hammer into the rock face where there are no ledges.

Fortunately, this craze of "mechanical" climbing has not a firm footing in the British peaks. There are only two "pitches" which have seen the use of *pitons*, and on one "pitch" they were introduced by German climbers.

It is only to be expected that the death toll should be high when such climbs are undertaken, for the mountaineer relies to a great extent on the weather; if good weather holds he might do the trip; if the weather deteriorates he won't do the trip. It becomes a gamble—with the Clerk of the Weather holding the cards.

In winter, now, the weather is more likely to take a turn for the worse. The finest morning can, and does, become a hell on earth in a matter of minutes; all landmarks are lost; rock-holds become coated with a thin layer of ice and snow, both of which have to be scraped from the ledges with the ice axe; Arctic conditions become prevalent which are made worse by the effects of altitude, exhaustion, and the other natural dangers to be met with in the peaks.

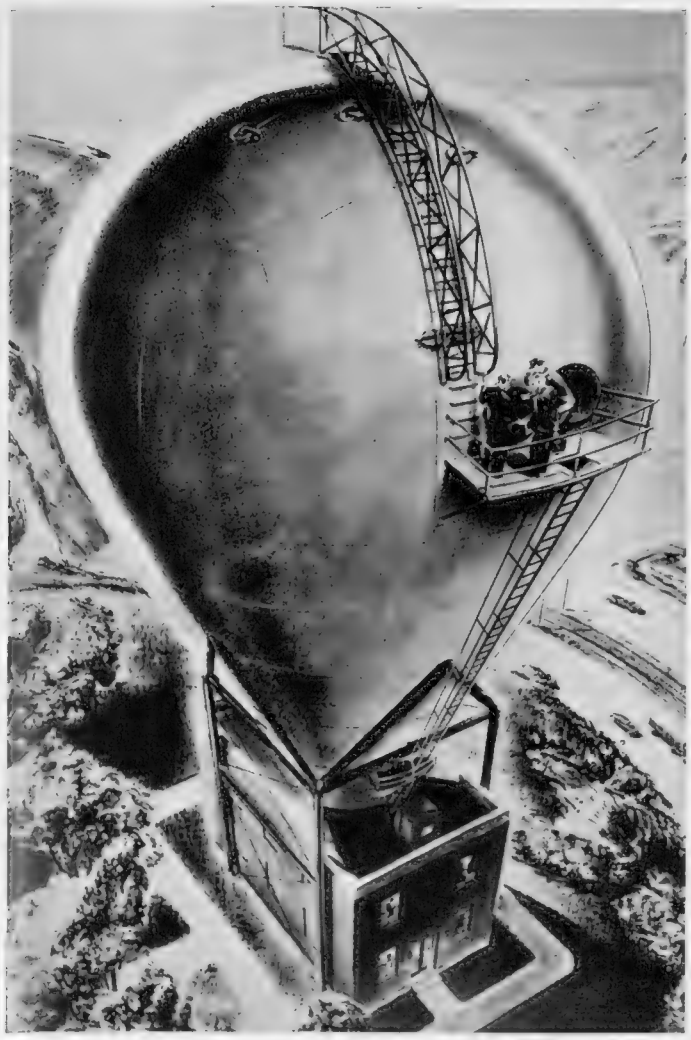
The spirit that drives men to climb mountains and pit their strength against nature is certainly commendable, and has been told in graphic language by that great climber, F. S. Smythe.

But the methods are too often foolhardy. In summer foolhardy methods are always dangerous, in winter they very much more often end fatally.

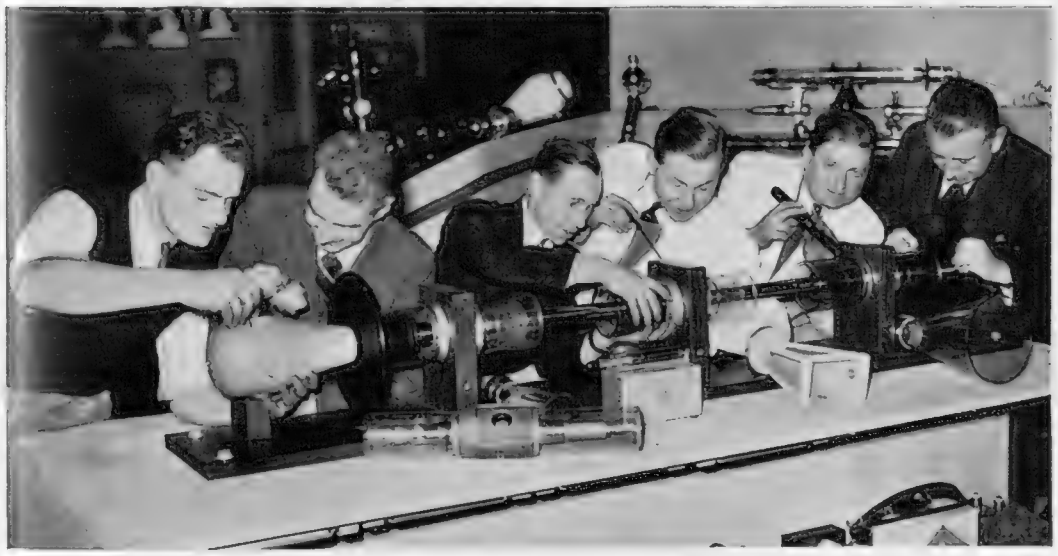
It is winter now, and even as you read men and women are cutting their way up ice and snow bound peaks.

MANY INVENTIONS

And Other News of Mechanical and Scientific Moment

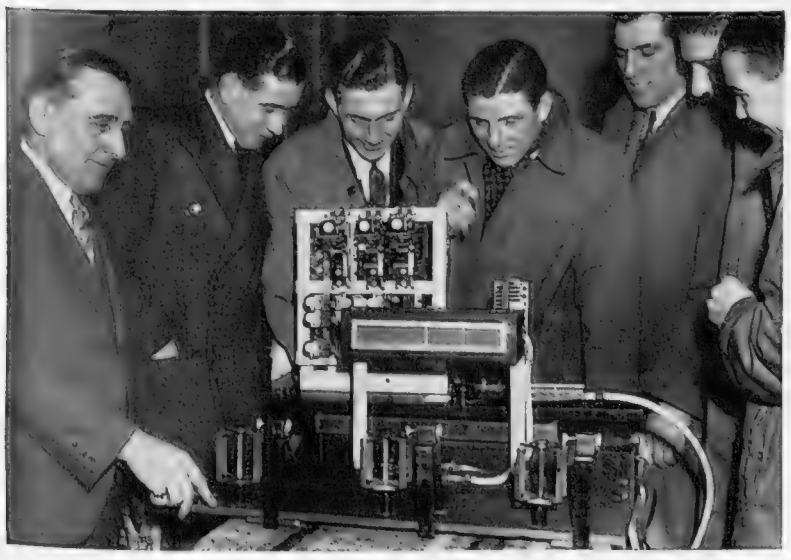


THE ATOM-SMASHER: This is the popular name for this huge pear-shaped, steel pressure chamber, which is shown above as it will appear in its finished state, and on right as it is to-day. It is 30 ft. in diameter and 47 ft. high and is being built by Westinghouse Electric for the Carnegie Institute in Washington, D.C. It will be used to study the behaviour of the atom and it is hoped thus to gather data regarding the structure of matter. One account states that "when preparations are completed, research experts will bombard targets of various materials with sub-microscopic particles shot from the 'atom-smasher' at 30 to 100 million m.p.h."



FIVE PEOPLE CAN BE TREATED AT THE SAME TIME with this giant X-ray therapy tube, one of the many wonders at the Radiology Exhibition opened last week at Central Hall, Westminster, in the presence of Queen Mary. More than a score of manufacturers of scientific instruments and photographic materials are represented at the exhibition, which year by year has grown till it now fills all the available space at Central Hall. Among its most noteworthy features are important developments in casualty-proof X-ray apparatus

SPEEDOMETERS FOR EXPRESS TRAINS: This is the latest innovation on the Great Western Railway and it is felt that it will prove of great assistance to drivers, enabling them to keep to schedule on long distance runs when perfect timing is difficult even for the experienced man



On left—TAKING THE TALLY AT HIGHBURY: Centre-forward Drake (in spotted scarf) and other players watching a model of the new device which it is proposed to install at the Arsenal Stadium and which will indicate to the gatemen the gross number passing into a given area of the ground at any given time By using this the management will help to overcome the problem of overcrowding on big match days

On right—DOWN TO THE LOWER GREENSAND: Boring operations in progress on the site of Surrey's new General Hospital at St. Helier where it is hoped that water will be found in sufficient quantities to meet the institution's needs. After reaching 800 ft. no strike had been made, but geologists believe that at 1,450 ft. or more there will be results to show for their labour

On STAGE

PHYLLIS STANLEY SCORES A HIT IN "OH! YOU LETTY" that rollicking musical comedy which came to the Palace Theatre last week and, by all accounts, is there to stay. Sydney Howard is another shining light in a really first-rate cast

CAPTAIN HOOK POSES FOR HIS PORTRAIT: Lee Sheffield, who is to play this part in *Peter Pan* at Christmas, seen at a sitting at Mr. A. L. Grace's Kensington studio

SUCH pieces as *Oh ! You Letty*, the new Palace Theatre attraction (which it is) and certain of its fellows, have led me a-pondering. Why is it that a stage convention has arisen that the North of England is a more homely, kindlier, more domesticated place than the South ?

Can Miss Gracie Fields be the sole cause ? A few weeks ago I attended the *première* of a new revue in a rebuilt theatre, the atmosphere as chill and as forbidding as only *nouveau art* and a smell of paint can make it, when Miss Fields appeared on the stage to perform the opening ceremony. This consisted of some yodelling noises, a couple of verses of a hackneyed song, and a request for us "folk" to be "ma-aty-like." And "ma-aty-like" we promptly were.

Without omitting Miss Fields's overwhelming personality, I am convinced it was the Doric that did it. Would, say, Mr. Leslie Henson, who is essentially of the South, have had the same effect ? I think not. Yet Mr. Henson makes me laugh a thousand times more heartily than does Miss Fields who, truth to tell, hardly makes me laugh at all, though I was willingly swept into the ranks of "what-a-good-sort-Gracie-is" worshippers. Off the stage the good people of Lancashire and Yorkshire have on occasion been ruder to me (and I to them) than any people in this quarter of the globe. But put the footlights in between and—given, of course, the requisite degree of talent on the part of the performer—the word is "lovable."

Oh ! You Letty exploits this quality, which was not found in the musical comedies of a previous era. Those were bright affairs, with a fashionable chorus, a good-looking, young, vocal hero (preferably a sailor) and, as principal comedian, a mercurial little man, who gave no indication of having heard of Manchester and who called nobody "lad." Yes, they were bright, but they were hard. *Oh ! You Letty* has the warm, human humour about it of an argument in a back-garden in Chorlton-cum-Medlock.

I have never, I grant, been present at an argument in a back-garden in Chorlton-cum-Medlock, and never wish to be, unless it can be stipulated that Mr. Sydney Howard is chief participant. None the less, of the correctness of the diagnosis I am convinced. No naval hero could possibly be heroic in such a locale : so for hero we have Mr. Wylie Watson, the personification of middle-class, bowler-hatted, chapel-going decency, North country, and lovable but uncompromisingly unheroic.

Here Mr. Watson is back again at the top of his form. In some of his later appearances at the Hippodrome he was inclined to harp on the note of unsmiling seriousness until he gave the impression of really being serious, which, when he was with his beloved 'cello, he manifestly was. That was partly because it is not easy to be funny with a 'cello, and still less easy when one happens to be able to play it as well as Mr. Watson can. As the plain man in love with a local beauty who will have none of him because she is in love with a crooner he now gives a performance as droll as it is human.

The Sherlock Holmes to this Watson is Mr. Sydney Howard, whose advice to those in love with crooners is "pretend to be in love with a Hollywood film-star and hope for the best." After that we need not, I think, worry much more about the plot. The film-star herself arrives in the person of Miss Phyllis Stanley, who can exploit the grotesque aspect of being uncommonly tall without ceasing to look beautiful and to be alluring. Moreover, she is a good comedienne. Tallness, too, is an asset with Miss Bertha Belmore, who is out for fun and nothing else, this time in the guise of our old friend, the hen-pecking wife. But with what comic fierceness does this hen peck !

The heroine, beloved of Mr. Watson and with reason, is Miss Patricia Leonard. The last time I saw Miss Leonard she was so far distant from stardom that in a revue at the Vaudeville she was given a song to sing in, for some imbecile reason, the interval. In spite of the fact that the bulk of the audience were elsewhere, that she had to sing it, for yet another imbecile reason, in the orchestra pit, and that it was a song in which imbecility was coupled with unpleasantness, for it was about some form of skin disease, I would warrant that nobody who heard Miss Leonard in those somewhat *macabre* and distressing circumstances forgot her performance. She now shows herself to be a good dancer as well and an intelligent little actress. Her success was never for a moment in question and she is a notable addition to that minute band of musical leading ladies who are above the mercly competent.

Mr. Sydney Howard is the guide, philosopher, and friend of everyone, squirming and flopping through the play like some benevolent seal caught in the canal at Wigan. The "book" (founded, *mirabile dictu*, on a novel by Anita Loos) has amusing lines in plenty and many of them fall to Mr. Howard. But it is the way he says them, or, rather, the way he moves as he says them, that brings out the magic.

Oh ! You Letty is one of Mr. Jack Waller's productions. Now Mr. Waller is obviously—and I am confident he will forgive my saying so—a dealer in light musical entertainment by trade and a serious musician by inclination. Like Charles Lamb's friend, in whom cheerfulness "would keep on breaking through," Mr. Waller cannot keep his true love completely quiet. Serious music is the King Charles's Head in almost every piece he presents. Not long ago chunks of Tschaikowsky broke incongruously into some comicality or other for no other reason than that Mr. Waller seems to like Tschaikowsky. In this case there are sporadic outbursts of a similar type, and, for myself, I would not have it otherwise. But in one such episode—a string quintet—cheerfulness certainly broke through. Mr. Howard playing the double-bass would make a side-splitting farce of *Mourning becomes Electra*.

La Bohème.—This piece was given in Italian—a wise choice. Italian, even with an occasional English ring about it, is an easier language to sing Puccini in than English, and the prevalent English translation of this opera is particularly ludicrous. Besides, this gives one the additional fun of hearing in the interval young English people who couldn't say "shut the door" in Italian or in any language but their own wail "oh, my dear, but his (or her) Italian is simply too *terrible !*"

Mr. Heddle Nash has a voice of exactly the right quality for Rodolfo and he sang remarkably well. In the matter of Latin exuberance he

BATTERED WARRIOR: Armand Bernard as Soslas, servant to Amphitryon, in the film, *Amphitryon*, a sophisticated screen satire on the famous Greek legend. It starts at the Curzon Cinema, Mayfair, on Boxing Day and makes ideal festive fare

and SCREEN

Sydney Howard Brings Out the Magic in "Oh! You Letty"—Opera Comes to an End at Covent Garden

By PHILIP PAGE

showed himself *plus royalist que le roi*. Possibly in an effort to knock down the tradition that British opera singers are cold and stiff and stodgy as actors, he in his vehement enthusiasm nearly acted himself through the back wall of the theatre and into Covent Garden market. But over-emphasis is this fine artiste's sole fault.

Miss Lisa Preli has sung Mimi at Covent Garden before. She puts into the part some of the remote and wistful melancholy she showed in her Melisande in the summer; her voice, always good, was at its best in the "Addio senza rancor" episode in Act III. Mr. Dennis Noble was bluff and sonorous as Marcello; and a perfect character study came from M. Octave Dua, the only foreign member of the company. But I find it difficult to regard M. Dua as foreign in any but a technical sense, for it is thirty years since this genial little Belgian first sang at Covent Garden—with Caruso and Melba and Scotti—and he has been a constant visitor ever since.

"The Barber of Seville."—No more cheery choice than *The Barber of Seville* could have been contrived for winding-up the short but triumphant season of opera in English. I would not go so far as to say that in this, or any *opera bouffe*, cheeriness is more to be desired than musical perfection. It is, nevertheless, essential to preserve at all costs the comedy element in the acting; for without it Rossini's agreeable rattlings, even immaculately performed, comprise only half a feast and induce "an exposition to sleep" in the tired business man, I have known performances of *The Barber*, musically without blemish, which have been positively barbituric.

Whatever criticism could be levelled at last week's performance at Covent Garden, no one could say that it was not lively. If it was, on the whole, Beaumarchais' field-day rather than Rossini's it was good fun. The ensemble spirit with which this company is imbued was never in better evidence, and as the company contains some first-rate comedians they fastened on to the opportunity to make the most of it and of themselves. Mr. Percy Heming and Mr. Richard Watson played Don Bartolo and Don Basilio with, possibly, more vitality than has ever been shown on that historic stage; yet, particularly in the case of Mr. Watson, who has a fine, deep, rolling bass, the musical values were never forgotten even if at certain moments there was an inclination to—well, undervalue them. Mr. Dennis Noble is almost an ideal Figaro—a good, easy actor and a first-rate singer. Miss Ruth Naylor showed herself an adequate, though not outstanding, Rosina. I missed delicacy and polish in the orchestral playing

"Un Carnet de Bal" (Film).—Does one label oneself that most objectionable of creatures—the prig intellectual—by declaring that the interest and artistic value of a film varies in inverse ratio to the amount of money spent on it? Prig intellectual am I, then. For that has been my experience.

If I have a penchant for French films, it is not because they are French, but because they are concise, witty, often beautiful, free from slush and slosh, and do not bear the signs of money having been poured out with the sole and extremely vulgar object of impressing the many-headed—and impress it certainly does. If producers of the Sol Hogwasch school of America show a back-stage picture—and about 85 per cent. of their efforts are on such lines—they are not content with a score of grinning "chorines"; they must, and do, have 500. If they swoop on Shakespeare, they impress on us that the Capulets and the Montagus lived in houses five times the size of the Pennsylvania railway station—as they did in *Romeo and Juliet*, which was, I think, the vulgarest film I ever did see.

The thrifty French think otherwise, but not only because they are thrifty. Not long since I saw in a cinema in a back street in Rouen a film called *La mort en fuite*, at which I laffed and laffed and laffed. It must have cost about twopence. I have just seen at the Studio One, Oxford Street, *Un Carnet de Bal*, which may have cost fourpence or even fivepence. What is more to the point is that it is an exquisite thing, as rich in humour, romance, pathos, imagination and every commendable quality, as it is free from any approach to insensate lavishness.

DESPAIR AND DAWNING HOPE: The story of *100 Men and a Girl*, the Universal picture which has been proving such a hit at the Leicester Square Theatre, is full of good situations, and deals with the adventures of an out-of-work musician. *On the left* we see Patricia (Deanna Durbin) and Michael (Mischa Auer) commiserating with John Cardwell (Adolph Menjou) on his failure to get a job in Leopold Stokowski's orchestra. Mrs. Frost, a wealthy society woman prone to violent but passing fancies, agrees to help him, however, and he gets together an orchestra of 100, rehearsing them (*as depicted on right*) in a garage. The acting in this picture is really good and is further enhanced by sound teamwork

THINGS GO SERIOUSLY WRONG, however, for Cardwell's patroness, Mrs. Frost, forgets her promise to finance him and sails for Europe. Patricia (Deanna Durbin) eventually tracks Mr. Frost (Eugene Pallette) to his club (*left*), only to find he is quite ignorant of the whole affair and also completely disinterested. *Right*—Cardwell himself appeals to Frost, but it is no good. He will not advance a penny to "the hundred men," seeing no possible reason why he should do so

NOT TO BE BEATEN, and realising that all will be well if she can get Leopold Stokowski (*left*) to conduct the orchestra on its first appearance, the indomitable Patricia (Deanna Durbin) invades the concert hall where the former is rehearsing and has the impudence to start singing (*right*), using her golden voice in order to win the maestro's attention. He takes the interruption very well, but when he hears her suggestion refuses to help. Stokowski, who it will be noted plays the part of himself, gives a really wonderful performance, revealing screen talent far out of the ordinary

"100 MEN AND A GIRL"

The Story of the Film in Eight Episodes

HAPPY ENDING: Eventually Patricia (*above*) smuggles her father's orchestra into Stokowski's house, where they range themselves on the grand staircase (*above on left*) and begin to play, astonishing the conductor by their excellence and impelling him to join in and lead them

"THE BLUES" PROVIDED THE GUARD OF HONOUR at the St. Margaret's wedding of Mr. Philip Sheehy Morris-Keating, Royal Horse Guards (son of the late Lt.-Col. T. H. P. Morris, the Rifle Brigade) and Miss Eleanor Josephine Sotheron-Estcourt, daughter of Captain and Mrs. T. E. Sotheron-Estcourt, of Estcourt, Tetbury, Gloucestershire. The bride wore a gown of cream-tinted satin

KATE GREENAWAY COATS OF SCARLET CLOTH with ermine muffs and ermine-trimmed hats were worn by the bridesmaids at the marriage of Miss Mary Lindley, daughter of the Hon. Sir Francis Lindley, to Mr. W. J. Keswick

FRILLED DRESSES AND CAPES OF VIVID PEACOCK-TINTED NET OVER ROYAL BLUE were worn by the bridesmaids at the Morris-Keating : Sotheron-Estcourt wedding at St. Margaret's. Their bouquets were of gardenias, roses, and camellias

HERE COMES THE BRIDE: Members of the staff at Hillington Hall, Norfolk, lined up to watch the Hon. Ruth Dawnay, daughter of the late Viscount Downe, as she left for Hillington parish church for her marriage to Mr. Crawford Scott

GOVERNMENT HOUSE

A Glimpse of Social Life in Any One of Our Imperial Outposts

"SEE you at the Governor's dance to-night"—"Look out for us at Government House." Such is the refrain in any British colony before a Government House ball. These functions are substantially the same the Empire over, these gatherings at the Buckingham Palaces in miniature, the residences of our Imperial Proconsuls.

A day of last-minute visits to the hairdresser; agitated rushes to the cleaners for those long white gloves which had been taken in good time but forgotten to be fetched; much pressing of frocks and selection of jewels (by those who possess them); and frantic zeal on the part of batmen and servants, polishing the necessary accompaniments to uniform, laying out boiled shirts and white waistcoats, and, in approved fashion, pinning decorations on to mess jackets.

Always a hurried dinner, however early the hour is fixed. (Must be on time for the reception and for the young ones to get their programmes filled.) Ten minutes allowed by stern men to their womenfolk for final titivations on arrival, and the ritual of pulling on gloves, before meeting in the congested foyer and fighting one's way towards the A.D.C. Hectic fumbling in many pockets only to discover that invitation cards have been left behind. Result—agitated mutterings to A.D.C. who, in his abundant wisdom, nevertheless magically announces the names correctly.

By JEAN GORDON

And so to meet the Governor and his Lady—to be impressed once again with the never failing graciousness of these representatives of the Crown who smile on all and sundry and spend half their days entertaining, in a truly royal way, hundreds of fellow-countrymen, a large proportion of whom they never personally know.

We move on to the already crowded ballroom—a seething mass of thin, male legs with red stripes, thicker legs with gold stripes, and bare legs with plaid socks, wickedly gleaming skeandhus, and twinkling, buckled slippers, all reminiscent of other days.

Green coats, black coats, blue coats; red lapels, yellow lapels, gold epaulettes; tartans, sporrans, gold lace, glittering decorations. Beautiful women with trains and tiaras; lovely girls with shining eyes. Tall men bending over them with programmes in their hands; an anachronism this, in our careless, modern age, but an attractive one in such a setting, and one that it would be a thousand pities to see the last of.

The best band in the Colony plays at one end of the vast and handsome ballroom—so vast that at the other end the dancers can scarcely hear the beat of the drums! But who cares? Dancing at Government House is a stately measure which can almost be trod without the help of a band. And then there are glorious rooms to wander through, softly shaded lamps, rich carpets, beautiful ornaments; lovely gardens lit by fairy lights; superb refreshments for already over-strained digestions; and a bar like a widow's cruse.

Thus pleasantly a few short hours slip by till hot soup and the band's "God Save the King" give the signal for departure.

KEEPING WARM

If you want to enjoy a Country Christmas, take lots of Little Coats

HOW comforting, after a long, cold day, to slip into a luxurious house coat. Here, on the right, is one in lacquer red velvet, closely stitched and patterned. It is lined with plain black velvet, it has a fluted collar and cuffs, and jewelled buttons flash at the throat and waist. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, and costs 25½ guineas, but it can be copied in plain velvet for 14½ guineas. Less elaborate, but most attractive, are their flannel house coats, slim fitting and beautifully cut, with slight draperies above the diaphragm, and velvet buttons and cravat in a contrasting colour. These cost 8½ guineas. Between the two come their velveteen house coats, lined with satin, buttoned straight down the front, and finished with a lamé scarf—all for 12½ guineas.

Boudoir Bolero

Could anything be more flattering, or more cosy, than this boudoir bolero of pink marabout mounted on the softest satin? It is also made in white, peach, turquoise, and blue, and it costs 69s. 6d. at Harrods of Knightsbridge. If you are wanting something quite inexpensive, their Mess jackets in diamond-quilted artificial crepe-de-chine, zip fastened down the front, are young and gay and deliciously warm—and the price is only 29s. 6d. They are made in pink or blue, and are grand for packing.

Colour by Night

Bridge coats are very gay this year, for they are made in glittering fabrics massed with brilliant colours. The one that is pictured on the left is made in printed lamé brocade, lined with black, and you can get it in an astonishing range of wonderful massed shades. It has a little basque, a gauged collar, and full topped sleeves, and it costs 49s. 6d. at Harrods. They have some beautiful swing coats in Eastern brocades at 5 guineas, and a particularly good tunic-coatee in silk brocaded lamé, the tunic part stiffened, and the folded back cuffs showing the contrasting striped side of the lamé. This costs 13 guineas.

GREAT BEAUTIES OF THEIR DAY: *Left*—Countess Clary-Kinsky from a portrait by J. S. Sargent and (*right*) Winifred Dallas-Yorke, from a portrait by J. J. Shannon made in 1889, the year in which she married the sixth and present Duke of Portland. Both these pictures are reproduced in the Duke's latest book of reminiscences entitled *Men, Women and Things* which is reviewed on this page

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND AND HIS MOTHER: *Left*—A drawing of His Grace by the late Philip de Laszlo and (*right*) Mrs. Arthur Bentinck (with her daughter Ottoline) who was the wife of Lieut.-General Arthur Bentinck, the Duke's father

DRAWN BY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1877: Her Majesty made this drawing of Violet Lindsay (now Violet, Duchess of Rutland) on a very wet day at Balmoral and this reproduction of it is also included in the Duke of Portland's reminiscences. The Duchess is herself an accomplished artist

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

A DUKE WITH A SENSE OF HUMOUR

Lively Anecdotes Adorn the Portland Memoirs; a Work That Gives a Rare Picture of English Life and Manners

By VERNON FANE

The Duke of Portland has written his memoirs, **MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS** (Faber and Faber. 25s.) and a remarkably interesting book it is. Remarkably, because the fact that a man holds a very high position in his country and has, in the course of his official and unofficial life had the opportunity of meeting a fair number of the great of the earth, does not always mean that he can write about it all. Sometimes it does not even mean that he can put his reminiscences in order, and I have, soft be it spoken, read some appallingly dull stuff of the classic "I-remember-one-day-Lord-H.-saying" type.

This is something different, the memoirs of a duke with a sense of humour and, second only to that, a memory for a good anecdote. There are plenty of these, and they provide as it were the spice of the book. The more solid stuff in it is however just as well worth reading, for it gives one a picture of English life, a great deal of which has now vanished for ever, and much of which may still exist but is none the less distant from most of our experience.

Welbeck Abbey, which has been the Duke's home for nearly sixty years, is one of the great houses of England, in size, dignity, and tradition. More than this it is one of the most unusual houses in England, for during his lifetime the fifth Duke of Portland had vast underground rooms built, connected with each other, and with the kitchens in some cases, by long subterranean passages.

This Duke was a man of unusual character, and his passion for tunnels, some of them more than a mile long, seems to have arisen from an exaggerated desire for privacy. Another taste of his was for great size in buildings, and the riding school built under his directions is believed to be the second largest in the world. In the kitchens, from which the food was conveyed by heated trucks to the dining-rooms, there was always a chicken roasting on a spit, in case at any hour the Duke should call for one.

In the pleasure gardens was a skating rink, and there the old Duke employed a man to look after skates and to provide them in every size. "The Duke wished his housemaids to skate, and if he found one of them sweeping the corridor or the stairs, the frightened girl was sent out to skate, whether she wanted to or not."

All this, however, was before the day of the present Duke and since his ownership Welbeck Abbey has become a very different place, a beautiful house, and primarily a home. In 1879, when the Duke was a young man in the Coldstream Guards, he inherited the title and the estates, and just before Christmas that year he and his stepmother, Lady Bolsover, and his half-brothers, moved into Welbeck which was in a sad state of disrepair. From that moment in his account, the book becomes as much the story of Welbeck as of himself. There are glimpses of a pre-war and glamorous London, certainly, but nearly always the chief interest, the funniest stories and the most impressive occasions centre round Welbeck itself.

To write of a funny story in connection with such a stately house might seem incongruous, if it were not for the high spirits of the parties that used to meet there and the vivid memory of our *raconteur*. Kings and queens were everyday visitors, as indeed they are still, and they were entertained with the state that became them, but there were lapses in this solemnity as this story shows. "The lovely Princess (Queen Alexandra) was fond of bridge, and played a peculiar form of her own. Winnie (present Duchess of Portland) played too, but had difficulty in what she called 'sorting her tribes,' and could only do this if she stood up. Louise, Duchess of Devonshire, watched this game with some surprise."

Before a dinner-party in London the Duke went into his wife's room and threw himself into an armchair. "Both she and her maid gave a scream—and so did I, for I had sat down upon the very sharp points of her diamond tiara. Naturally the tiara was broken to bits, while the lower part of my poor person resembled the diamond mines of Golconda, so full was it of precious stones!" Later that evening the Duke attended a reception at Lady Salisbury's and was asked by a lady, "Do tell me, is it true that you sat on your wife's tiara this evening?" "Yes, I'm afraid I did." "Oh," said the lady, "and was she wearing it at the time?" "I fear," writes the Duke very understandably, "this was too much for me."

One of the most original of the characters to whom we are introduced is old Lord Lathom who had a fine long beard which, when shooting, he divided into two plaits and tied behind his neck, out of the way of his gun. In the circumstances a very practical gesture. Another gentleman of some originality was the fifth Earl Fife whose partiality for whisky found an equally practical expression.

"When invited to shoot at Sandringham he was accompanied by two Highlanders, each of whom carried what looked like a telescope slung over his shoulder. The Prince of Wales saw these and remarked, 'Telescopes are no doubt very useful at Mar, when you are deerstalking, but you will hardly want them here.' 'There your Royal Highness is mistaken,' replied Fife, 'they are just as useful here as at Mar, because, you see, one is full of whisky and the other is full of brandy!'"

It was Lord Fife too, who rose to his feet at a banquet, and incidentally a banquet at which speeches were strictly and traditionally forbidden, and spoke these simple and moving words: "In my humble opeenion there are only two men at this table who are worth a domn. One's myself, the Earl Fife, and the other's my old friend, the Earl of Stair."

A thoroughly enjoyable book on every count including that of appearance. The old photographs with which it is chiefly illustrated are a joy in themselves, and the Duke's "gallery" of famous beauties should make young London photographers a delicate green with envy.

The man who made that famous ride of 15,000 miles, traversing from south to north the continent of South America as well as Central and part of North America, was inevitably to become the friend of Don Roberto. The meeting between Mr. A. F. Tschiffely and Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham was typical of them both. A telegram, an invitation to luncheon at the Spanish restaurant, "the romantic figure with his flowing mane of white hair, thin, aquiline nose, pointed moustaches, and beard, it suggested one of Velasquez's cavaliers come to life." Thereupon the great hidalgo became Don Roberto to the modest, unassuming Swiss schoolmaster in whom he found those qualities of strength and adventurousness which he had himself to an abundant degree.

Some years later in the quiet of Cunninghame Graham's book-lined study on the Clydeside, Tschiffely was telling him that he owed the world the story of his life, but Don Roberto would have none of it. "Practically everything I have written is really autobiographical," he said, but a little later he startled his guest by telling him that he was the only man he would like to write the story of his life. **DON ROBERTO** (Heinemann. 15s.) was written sooner than its author would have wished for it was not long before Don Roberto was to make his last journey to the South America he loved, "probably my last chance to ride with the *gauchos*."

On the last journey the *gauchos* rode with him, and "the hearse was followed by my two faithful old horses, Mancha and Gato, and so, like the prairie riders of old, when they set out on a long journey, Don Roberto was followed by two spare horses which, during my travels with them, must often have crossed his tracks which have long ago been covered over with sand and dust."

Cunninghame Graham was born of an old Lowland Scottish family, but one of his grandmothers was a Spanish beauty, and from her he must have inherited that peculiarly Spanish streak of temperament in which love of adventure was mixed with a passion for the beautiful, especially in its wilder forms. At an early age he paid long visits to his grandmother in Spain and became bilingual, acquiring then the nickname he carried throughout his life.

As a young man he sought adventure in the wilder but Spanish-speaking parts of the earth. He rode the pampas, he ranched, raced, explored, fought through revolutions, and threw himself with generous heart into the hardships of that miserable country of Paraguay, which war had reduced almost to a shambles. Very often he was in

(Continued on page 526)

This England . . .

Sussex Downs — near Petworth

OF all good trees the oak is nearest to our hearts. Nor is this sentimental, though oak has framed our homes for centuries, and much oak of the Sussex breed went to "the wooden walls of England" that kept those homes inviolate. Nay, rather is it sympathy with that slow coming to maturity that is the English test of worth. Three hundred years to grow, three hundred to mature, and as many more to die, runs the lore of the oak. That is a very English thing, like bowling-turf and beer. Good beer comes slowly to maturity (in oaken barrels, too). And when such beer is really brewed in the ancient way, you have your Worthington—most sympathetic of them all!

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

WHO WAS WHO IN 1937

(*Continued from page* 504)

known abroad since Monsieur Loy-Georges. Mr. Eden takes things greatly to heart, especially set-backs. Not in the personal sense but because he believes so very deeply in what the vast majority of ex-soldiers of his age do, that something like the League, working properly, was the great chance, and *must* be reverted to, unless, unless . . .

Westminster yields two others in Viscount Cecil and Leslie Hore-Belisha. One admires the first for being no lie-down-and-let-the-engine-run-over-you-pacifist, but for advocating a strong combine of nations willing to defend freedom and the right to use the human mind and develop the human spirit, chief attributes separating us from apes. This Nobel Peace Prize was overdue. As for the War Minister, who seems to have set off in Haldane's track, now are the years in which he must prove himself. Writing under correction, Dizzy had not got as far at like age.

A touch of Iberian blood in Queipo the Broadcasting King, Señorita Lizana, who may yet come nearest to Lenglen, and President Vargas, who has shown that in the brave new world debts and dividends of all kinds can be treated as mere scraps of paper, and what are you going to do about it?

A dash of Slav with Gromov and his companions, for their immense flight from Moscow over the North Pole to near San Diego, and with Professor Schmidt of the North Pole settlement that so struck the imagination, liberating us momentarily from our terrestrial woes, much as Piccard's stratosphere ascent did six years before.

Yet the flight of the year was probably Jean's, now demonstrated to be Airwoman No. 1, since the record was begun. What flyers these Australasians are! After the Smiths, Hinkler, Kingsford-Smith, now Clouston.

One supposes Tommy Farr to have been the highlight of the sporting arena, and Tommy evidently has wagon-loads of personality, judging by his initial treading of the ring that is greater than the canvas one.

Hollywood has brought William Powell to the fore, as "the finest actor on the screen," and likewise Robert Taylor, for being—well, it's quite clear, isn't it? Personally, I put in a word for Anna Neagle and Jean Arthur, Danielle Darrieux, and Luise Rainer.

And while still in Pacific parts, there is Captain Eyston, with his 311 m.p.h. though what exactly can it this time of day be gained by greater land speed, it is not easy to divine. Your experts will say: "It all helps to develop engine design." But for what? For speed, obviously, since engines are otherwise pretty perfect, as it is. And perhaps we have quite enough speed already.

It would be interesting to know Lord Nuffield's opinion on the subject, which observation reminds that here is a personality of a new kind, a giver of £10,000,000 who finds it difficult to give further because he wants to give only so very usefully and wisely.

The stage darkens. In prison, awaiting a trial the nature of which remains unknown, is Pastor Niemöller, former U-boat hero, who will let no mortal, be he dictator of the universe, interfere with how a man shall worship his God. Away by the Yangtse is Chiang Kai-Shek, who wished only to fashion a new and modern China, and was not allowed to do so, by people readier with arms than he could contrive to be. Chiang scoured the horizon of civilisation in hope that bare justice might be done. That there must be a great myopia abroad, he may have since philosophically decided.

THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL: This is Mr. Gerald Morris's scheme for the main decoration of the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. A fountain with nymphs forms a central device against a background of modern buildings. Flying machines and cars enforce the modernity of the general scene

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 524)

desperate straits, but too proud to ask for help from home. Those adventurous days had to come to an end when, on the news that his father was seriously ill, he must return to England.

But not for nothing had he fought for rebels and championed the oppressed in a life of bold and fearless exploits. He entered politics in what in these days would be called the Left wing, becoming the friend and associate of such stalwarts as William Morris, John Burns, and Keir Hardie. In the House of Commons he hurled passionate and biting invective at the heads of the Front Bench who "sit like so many stuffed figures at Madame Tussaud's"; at their supporters, to whom he said "I do not wish to be oppressed here by the grunting of innumerable swine"; at vested interests in general, "that pillar of our civilisation, the Hotchkiss gun."

In 1887, he and John Burns led the great demonstration known now as the Battle of Trafalgar Square. For this he was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment and on returning to the House of Commons he said "It has been charged against me that I have stirred up a lot of ignorant men to dash their heads against a wall, and it has been charged against me that I have spoken sedition and I am a revolutionary. If to be a revolutionary is to wish to ameliorate the condition of the poor, to wish for a more democratic form of government, to wish that members of parliament should be paid for their services, to wish to pass liberal measures of a similar nature, then I am a revolutionary."

Yet this man was an aristocrat, and noted throughout his long life for the exquisite courtesy of his manners. Perhaps it was because he was an aristocrat that he so often and so fervently rode into the fray as a champion of the under-dog, in defence of what seemed to be hopeless causes, and as a denunciator of anything which offended against his sense of right and propriety.

"The Sphere" Christmas Number.—Readers of THE SPHERE who have not yet purchased their copies of THE SPHERE Christmas Number are advised to do so without delay as it is already running out of print in many districts. It should be mentioned that the picture, "Lady in Lilac," by Mrs. N. Tenison Cuneo, which is reproduced in THE SPHERE Christmas Number, is reproduced by courtesy of Mr. David Weston, the owner of the picture.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

IN our last week's issue we mentioned about an interested subscriber to this Society who, sixty years ago, sent the sum of £4 6s. as a thankoffering for having attained her eighty-sixth year (being 1s. for each year). We have now learnt that a gentleman has sent to the Society the sum of £105 on attaining his seventieth birthday, this being £1 10s. for each year of his life. Donations to help this great work of maintaining and training 1,200 poor boys and girls will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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ENOUGH TO READ FROM NOW TILL NEW YEAR'S EVE

DELIGHTFUL STORIES

"SQUARE AND EVEN": *by D. L. Murray*
"BRITONS NEVER": *by Dorothy Black*
"STRANGERS IN OUR MIDST": *by Marguerite Steen*
"BIRTHDAY HONOURS": *by Laurence Kirk*
"DOUBLE IN DIAMONDS": *by Dalton Trumbo*
"THE UNSLEEPING REGIMENT": *by Garnett Radcliffe Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.*
"OLD TALES RETOLD. A CHRISTMAS PAGEANT AT GREENWICH." WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED: *by F. Matania, R.I.*

ABSORBING ARTICLES

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE AND CIRCUS": *by Frank Foster*
"GAS-LIT LONDON": *by Harry J. Greenwall*
"IN SEARCH OF FOOD": *by Negley Farson*
"KING FROST": *by C. Patrick Thompson Decoration by Eric Fraser*
"THAT OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS": *by Philip Page (6 pages)*
"DEVIL'S ISLAND TO DIE": *by Ferdinand Tuohy*
BOOKS REVIEWED: *by Arnold Palmer*
MOTORING SECTION: *by the Earl of Cardigan*

HOME AND FASHION Section

TWO PAGES FROM A CHRISTMAS SCRAPBOOK
SO LET'S HAVE A NEW-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS: *by Olive Randall*
"CHILDREN'S PARTY POLITICS": *by Elizabeth Hughes Halsett*
FUN AND GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS: *by Rosamond Harcourt Smith*
PARTY FROCKS: *by Jean Burnup*
GLASS HOUSES FOR 1939?: *by Winifred Lewis*
HEALTH AND BEAUTY: *by "Chrysis"*
DO YOUR CHAIRS HARMONISE?: *by Winifred Lewis*
WOMAN'S TALK: *by Jean Burnup*
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS: *pages of ideas in photogravure*
"CHRISTMAS CAFETERIA": *by A. H. Adair*
CHRISTMAS FOOD AND DRINK—THINGS YOU MUST HAVE

IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of

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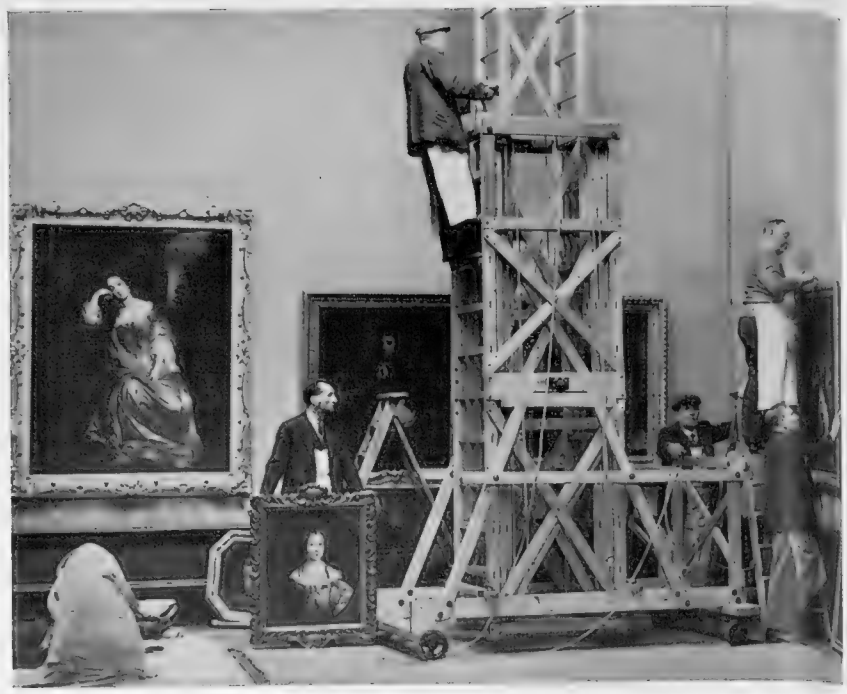


PEPYS ADMIRED IT: A scene at Burlington House during the preparation for the forthcoming Exhibition of Seventeenth-Century European Art. On the left is Sir Peter Lely's portrait of the beautiful and notorious Barbara Villiers, afterwards Lady Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland, whose association with Charles II was such a cause of scandal at the Court. The picture, which the diarist commented upon in glowing terms, is the property of the Earl of Sandwich who has lent it for the occasion

The Royal Academy Winter Exhibition

(Continued from page 500)

Other French painters of the period to be represented are Le Nain, Largillière (a pupil of Lely), and Le Sueur—the last an artist specifically French in his feeling for simple gentleness and grace, and painter of the charming "Mass of Saint Martin of Tours" (in the Louvre).

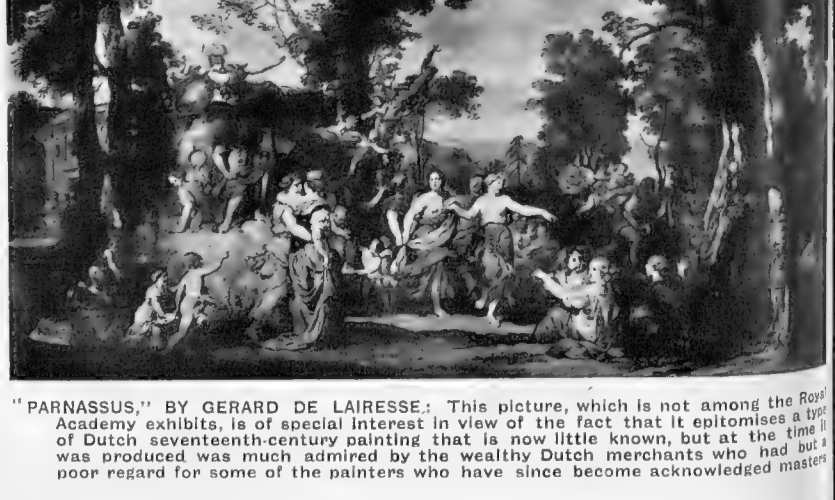
In England the seventeenth century was a period of eclipse for native talent the stage being held by foreigners — Van Dyck, Lely, Mytens, Van Somer, Honthorst, and Kneller. The defeated English portrait painters—Van Dyck's pupil William Dobson, John Riley (who painted Charles II and drew from him the exclamation "Odds fish, then I am an ugly fellow!"), and others will be represented in the company of their successful rivals, and there will also be works by the English miniature painters Isaac Oliver, John Hoskins, and Samuel Cooper.

THE DUTCH SCHOOL: Hanging pictures in one of the galleries at the Royal Academy where the great Winter Exhibition is due to open on January 3. On the left is Rubens' "The Farm at Laeken," lent by H.M. the King

The bulk of the exhibits will, of course, be paintings by Dutch artists. For this, as everyone knows, was a period of prolific production in Holland which had just thrown off the Spanish domination and become an independent bourgeois state. The outstanding Dutch pictures will include Rembrandt's "Saskia as Flora" and "Old Lady Reading," lent by the Duke of Buccleuch; Rembrandt's "Old Man Seated," and Vermeer of Delft's "Writing the Love-letter," lent by Sir Alfred Beit.

Vermeer's "Writing the Love-letter" is rather more anecdotic—more genre in character—than some of Vermeer's pictures where his interest is more purely architectural, more purely concerned with light and space.

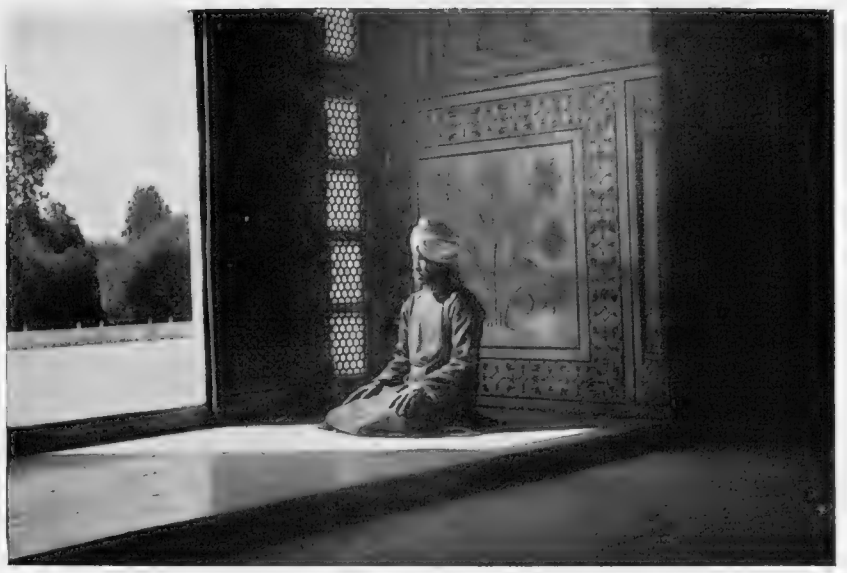
Other features of the Exhibition will be pictures by the artists most admired by rich Dutchmen at this period when they allowed Hals and Rembrandt to die in poverty—Cornelis van Pollenburgh, Adam Pynacker, Gerard de Lairesse, and Van der Werff



"PARNASSUS," BY GERARD DE LAIRESSE: This picture, which is not among the Royal Academy exhibits, is of special interest in view of the fact that it epitomises a type of Dutch seventeenth-century painting that is now little known, but at the time it was produced was much admired by the wealthy Dutch merchants who had but a poor regard for some of the painters who have since become acknowledged masters

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

Ski-ing in the Snowfields of the Vosges : To India by the "Conte Rosso" : Winter Sunshine at Pontresina : The Sporting Potentialities of Egypt



OBEYING THE CALL TO AFTERNOON PRAYER: A Muslim attendant at the entrance to the marble tomb of Shah Jehan and his Queen at Delhi. Before him slants the sun across the garden of cypress and mango trees; while behind him glow inlaid flowers of cornelian, lapis lazuli, agate, and a score of other semi-precious stones

THE VOSGES.—For those who have a limited time at their disposal for their winter sports, the Vosges are particularly suitable. Likewise the snowfields of these mountains are ideal for the unpractised skier, since they are noted for their safeness. There is a choice of at least ten resorts at various heights, where ski-ing is at its best. Such are Le Donon (3,024 ft.), Le Lac Blanc (3,162 ft.), Le Markstein (3,720 ft.), and Le Grand Balon, which is the highest resort at nearly 4,300 ft.

If you know the flowery valleys of the Vosges in summer, you owe it to yourself to renew the acquaintance when they and the mountains are white under winter's mantle, and, as indicated the short space of time in which this lovely region can be reached is an additional point in its favour. It is therefore of interest to note that the Chemin de Fer d' Alsace et de Lorraine are issuing special return tickets to the appropriate Alsatian stations for these resorts. The tickets run for forty days and are available during the period December 1 to April 30. Week-end tickets are also issued. Full details of these tickets may be had from any tourist bureau.

Seeing India.—For those whose time and whose pockets allow, the prospect of escaping the winter in England is now successfully solved. A practicable and profitable tour to India has been successfully arranged by the Lloyd-Triestino line. The speciality

NK DE LUXE: Facilities for skating at Pontresina are second to none, but this is only one of the attractions of a Swiss resort that is steadily adding to its popularity. See the note appearing on this page

this cruise is that it combines a tour of India .th all the amenities and pleasant leisureliness a sea voyage.

The *Conte Rosso*, the 18,000-ton luxury liner is e fastest ship on the Indian service, and makes the urney from Trieste to Bombay in eleven and a half .ys. It leaves Trieste on January 6 and arrives Bombay on January 18. This is fast going for t e ship, but the cruise itself is pleasant, and eleven ys of cruising life with deck games and sun-bathing s ould make the most weary heart rejoice.

From January 18 to February 12, by arrangement ith the Indian State Railways, a tour of India has b en organised. This tour has been extraordinarily w ell-planned, obviously by someone with an intimate knowledge of the country for, without being rushed feverishly from place to place and spending most of his time travelling, the tourist is yet given the opportunity of visiting the majority of the most historically interesting cities in the length and breadth of the country.

To mention only a few, Jaipur and the almost unbelievably beautiful deserted city of Amber, Delhi and its seven ancient cities, Agra and the famous Taj Mahal, Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus, Calcutta, Madras, Kandy, and Colombo are some of the places visited on this tour. The railway travelling is pleasant, for the days of the smelly, mosquito-ridden trains have gone, and nowadays travelling in luxury, air-conditioned coaches is the accepted thing.

The train journey from Delhi to Agra is accomplished in one of the most modern trains in the world—equal to those on the great American transcontinental lines.

The beauty of the whole itinerary of this tour is that, while appreciating the historical significance of such a visit, it yet provides for the gaiety and amusement of modern India, the fine hotels, dancing, magnificent restaurants, swimming, golf etc., for those whose tastes may not lean entirely towards antiquity.

New World Rivieras.—Short of Africa, Egypt, or the Atlantic Islands, one cannot hope for really hot sun at this time of year. The Rivieras of the New World, however, have a magnificent record of sunlight, and now happy visitors are bathing from, or sunning themselves on, a hundred beaches in the West Indies, Florida, and California. When one considers that these happy lands are within ten or twelve days travel from England it becomes apparent that a visit to this part of the world is worth very serious consideration.

The fastest route is via New York (times can, of course, be shortened by taking the most rapid liners), and from there Miami is reached within thirty-six hours. There are, too, weekly sailings to Nassau in the Bahamas, and ships leave bi-weekly for Bermuda and Jamaica. All these places are famous for their winter climates, perfect scenery, and wonderful bathing beaches. One has only to consider the lilies of Bermuda to visualise the wonderful climate in which they grow. It is also well worth considering sailing direct to the West Indies by one of the luxurious liners which stop at (say) Bermuda, Nassau, and Jamaica on their way to Brazil, Chile, and Peru.

Pontresina.—Talking of sunshine, it is interesting to consider that at this time of the year London has an average of approximately nine hours' sunshine in the month of December, whereas on the shortest day in the year Pontresina can boast an average of six-and-a-quarter hours. This is perhaps a minor detail in considering Pontresina's potentialities as a winter sports resort. It is perhaps in the centre of one of the most wonderful ski-ing countries in the world, and there are, of course, all the amenities calculated to afford you the greatest enjoyment with the least preparatory effort.

Such are the funicular up to Muottas Muraigl, whence there is a splendid run down to the valley, and the railway which, if you wish, will take you all the way to Morteratsch. Pontresina is also proud of its unrivalled facilities for skating, among other winter sports As ever, the programme this winter is a brilliant one. Among the most famous of the events are the ski-jumping competitions on the Bernina jump and the annual Diavolezza down-hill race.

Sport in Egypt.—As a pendant to the recent article on this page on Egypt, comes an attractively contrived folder published by the Egyptian State Tourist Offices, the title of this pamphlet is that at the head of this paragraph; and a glance through its pages gives an insight into the wonderful facilities that there are in Egypt for bathing (the Red Sea, Nile and numerous new swimming pools), sailing on the Nile at Cairo, or from the Royal Yacht Club at Alexandria, tennis (the most popular sport in Egypt), shooting, and fishing.

It is interesting to consider that in probably one of the driest countries in the world there is also to be had some of the most exciting fishing. People are only just beginning to discover the potentialities of fishing for Nile perch at the spillways of the dams, from the Delta Barrage near Cairo to the Great Dam at Assuan. Nile perch have been known to reach a weight of 260 lb. It seems redundant to add that Cairo's racing season extends from November to March, and that of Alexandria from the end of April to August; and that Egypt lies on the main route of migration of half the quail and duck inhabitants of the whole world.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following are just two of the many recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of especial interest to prospective travellers generally.

The French Riviera.—There would certainly be no difficulty in renting a villa suitable for your requirements. and your best plan would be to write to the Syndicat d'Initiative of the place you decide upon, and they will send you full particulars of the vacant houses. There will be no difficulty in taking in a chauffeur and cook, but if you propose to stay more than two months, you should apply for a *Carte de Touriste* from the French Consul in London. Menton is undoubtedly the most sheltered place on this coast, and the Garavan quarter on the East bay is more sheltered than the West bay. Good golf is available, and there are plenty of distractions.

East Indies and Pacific. We enclose particulars of the E. P. N. Line sailings from Mombasa via Seychelles to Singapore and Java; and from these ports connections can be made with the South Pacific Line to Port Moresby (New Guinea), and sometimes to the New Caledonia Islands in the Pacific—thence to Auckland and New Zealand. The service from Mombasa to Singapore is monthly, and the ship stops for only a few hours at the ports en route. You could, however stay for some days in Singapore if you wish, and there are frequent services to Java, at least once a week or sometimes twice weekly. There is only a monthly service to Auckland via New Guinea, the ship stopping for a few hours at the intermediate ports. We enclose a list of hotels at which you may care to stay on your way, and estimates of the expenses which you may expect to incur on each stage of your journey.

Drawn by Percy Home

THE THREAT TO THE FORTRESS OF SALSES: This magnificent example of sixteenth-century architecture in Roussillon, in one of France's most southerly regions, is in danger of demolition, a prospect that has caused a public outcry which it is hoped may lead to the castle's preservation for all time. It lies in a country of strange, exotic charm close to the shores of the Gulf of Lions; a land of rock-perched castles overlooking desolate stony valleys reminiscent in many ways of the setting of Don Quixote

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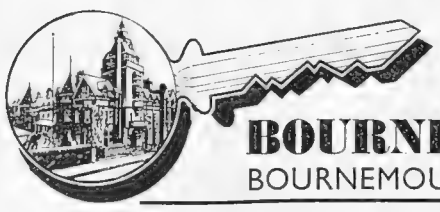

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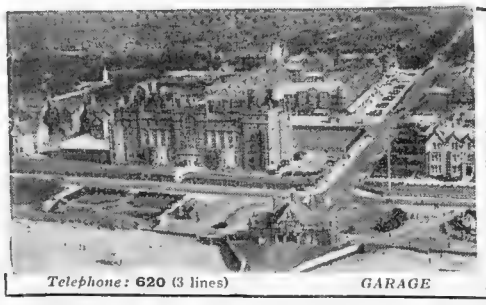

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In Quest of

Some Eleventh Hour Advice Christmas Holidays—Hotels

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS to you! I am aware my wishes are a week early but on the other hand it may be you are still puzzled as to where to spend a happy Christmas, and even at this eleventh hour I may be able to help you. Many hotels are long since fully booked but there are still some hotels—excellent ones too—which on account of last moment cancellations or some other reasons still have limited accommodation left.

So many people write to me about somewhere to spend Christmas "about 100 miles from London" that I have come to the conclusion that they have not thought of looking farther afield. Yet there are places which though remote as regards mileage, are actually more easily get-at-able than those popular resorts nearer the Metropolis.

Take Newquay for instance. The night train from Paddington, a comfortable sleeper, and soon after you have rubbed the sleep out of your eyes, you can be having a late breakfast at the Headland, Newquay, to the sound of Atlantic surf. Here indeed is an excellently run first-class hotel where the gay and festive programme includes dancing to a band which will on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day be heard throughout the country on the air; golf on the Newquay Links adjoining the hotel as well as an alphabetical walk, whatever that may be, at 11 a.m. on Christmas Day.

The Grenville Hotel, Bude, is another excellent last moment thought for Christmas. A genial climate, the centre of superb scenery and additional to the unusually full programme one can spend Boxing Day as it should be spent attending the meet of the Tetcott Hounds at the famous old town of Holsworth at 11 a.m., and in the evening enjoy the Hunt Ball at the hotel into the early hours of Tuesday, December 28.

But there will still be those who do not want to go so far afield and for anyone who wants to be in the neighbourhood of London I can recommend Southdown Hall, Wimbledon, or Grove Hall, Twyford, in Berkshire. The former Southdown Hall, will appeal to those who like a cosy Christmas with the usual attractions of dancing and organised amusements; whilst Grove Hall, Twyford, will particularly attract those who want to escape from music and dancing but just want to enjoy Christmas in a hospitable country house atmosphere.

Grove Hall, Twyford, is an hotel to be made a special note of, for any time of the year. Both by road and rail it is most conveniently situated for London.

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Finally, before I leave the subject of Christmas for another year, I must not forget those who just want to be somewhere where all they need is a good fire, good food, and a good book. There are many small places I can suggest, and such a Christmas haven is the Old England Hotel at Sutton-on-Trent, a mile off the Great North Road 'twixt Newark and Retford.

Here without any programme you can enjoy a really good Christmas in the old-fashioned way for 2½ guineas from dinner on Christmas Eve to breakfast on Tuesday morning. Here's a Christmas bargain for someone!

As there will not be time to write to me, I give you the telephone numbers of my "mixed bag" of final Christmas suggestions.

Wherever you may go I once more wish you a happy Christmas.

Headland Hotel, Newquay, Tel.: Newquay 511. Grenville Hotel, Bude, Tel.: Bude 15. Southdown Hall, Wimbledon, Tel.: Wimbledon 0811. Grove Hall, Twyford, Tel.: Twyford 106. Old England Hotel, Sutton-on-Trent, Tel.: Sutton-on-Trent 16.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is selected from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish this particular example as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

E. P. B. (Hampstead). — A New Year's suggestion. Out of London you could not better the Crest Hotel at Crowborough. The proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Eglinton Adams are very true Scots and although they are resident in England, they believe in maintaining the Scottish traditional way of celebrating the New Year. For 2½ guineas inclusive you can spend the whole of the New Year week-end at the Crest and what a hogmanay it will be!

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, it should be remembered, cannot be accepted.*

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Cornwall).—Welltown Manor. Tel.17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Southcliffe Hotel. Tel. 7140.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 253.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Eggesford (N. Devon).—Fox and Hounds Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Folkestone.—Hotel Wampach. Tel. 3129.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Haywards Heath.—Birch Hotel. Tel. 670.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel.11.
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Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
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Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Market Harborough.—Three Swans Inn.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Middleton-on-Sea, Susx.—Southdean-on-Sea Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Hotel Majestic.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Shrewsbury.—Mytton & Mermaid Htl., Atcham.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
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Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
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Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
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Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
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Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Boroughbridge, York (206).—Hotel Cottages.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. AA.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
Hotel Constance, 23-24, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Hotel Metropole. Tel. 32
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

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Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

A "NOTE-D" FAMILY: These members of the Trapp Choir, all of whom are related, sang Austrian folk songs and played Pandean pipe music to entertain the guests at the Peasant Ball in Old Salzburg given by the Austrian Minister at his Legation. They are seated in a corner of one of the reception rooms which were decorated in various national styles by the Vienna artist, Herr Franz Taussig. *Below*—This corner of the supper room was arranged to resemble the interior of a hunting lodge

OLD SALZBURG IN BELGRAVE SQUARE

The Austrian Minister Entertains in his Specially Adorned Reception Rooms

On left—CUT OUT PAPER ADORNED WITH GOLD STARS decorated the drawing-room of the Austrian Legation for the Minister's reception held in aid of British and Austrian charities

Bernhard Baron Charitable Trust.—Grants to hospitals and various charities amounting to £43,000 have just been made by the Charitable Trust created in 1928 by the late Mr. Bernhard Baron, founder of the firm of Carreras Limited. Under the terms of the Trust, charitable grants are made each year on Mr. Bernhard Baron's birthday, and this December over 370 hospitals and charitable organisations will receive cheques. The grants include £16,335 to London hospitals, £10,290 to hospitals outside London, £4,875 to orphanages, cripple institutions, and blind associations, and £10,500 to Jewish charities. Since the formation of the Trust, and including this year's grants, £385,991 10s. has been distributed. The Trustees are:—Mr. Edward S. Baron, Mr. H. W. Danbury, Mr. W. H. Louden, and Mr. Albert I. Belisha. The grants to London hospitals are as follows: London, £600; Middlesex, £600; Hospital for Consumption, Brompton and Frimley, £500; St. Bartholomew's, £500; St. Thomas's, £500; Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, £500; Guy's, £500; Salvation Army Mothers' Hospital, £500; Royal Free Hospital, £400; Royal Northern, £400; St. Mary's, Paddington, £400; University College, £400; St. George's, £350; King's College, £300; Royal Westminster Ophthalmic, £260; Queen Mary's for the East End, £250; Poplar, East India Dock Road, £250; Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, £250; London Chest Hospital, Victoria Park, £250; Royal National Orthopædic, £250; Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables, Putney, £250; West London, £250.

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